Every Week

3¢

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY EVERY WEEK CORPORATION, 56 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Vol. 1 No. 13 *July 26, 1915*

The Making of Madigan *By George Weston*

One Minute with the Editor

They Went Down with Their Ships

IT'S midnight; the passengers are asleep; the great boat is plowing its even way through the water, when suddenly comes a *crash!* The engines pound a minute and then stop. The lights go out; from a hundred state-rooms half-clad men and women rush on deck. The great ship lists and settles heavily—

And up in a little room, all by himself, a mere boy sits, firm-lipped and steady, sending out his wireless calls for help.

The life of every man and woman on the boat depends upon that boy.

We're publishing an article next week about the wireless boys who have shown themselves to be heroes—the lads who stuck to their posts and went down with their ships.

There's a lot of inspiration in an article like that. It's by Wills Sibert Cather.

Curly-Locks

"CURLY-LOCKS" the company called him, because his hair curled and he was so fond of himself. He was a motion-picture star; and just for a joke they put the little leading lady to make him fall in love with her. He fell, all right.

Fourteen pansums and Jim Holifield. This represents only one day's work for Jim. According to the subscriber who sends this picture, he is the champion pansum hunter of Georgia, which ought to entitle him to be called an "interesting person," sure enough.

It's our lead story next week, by Octavus Roy Cohen, a new writer. We shall have more stories by him: it will be a good plan for you to get to know him right away.

Some Actresses Really Do

IT'S a mistaken idea that all actresses live in gilded hotels. Some of them go home after the matinée, roll up their sleeves, and jump into the kitchen like the rest of us. We're publishing some pictures next week of "Actresses Who Keep House."

And That Check for You

OUR pages of Interesting People, published last week, used up all the pictures you have sent so far. There are ordinary men and women right around you who have done something extraordinary enough to make them really "worth while folk." Send us their pictures and three or four hundred words about them. There'll be a check for you in the next mail if we can use the material.

We Never Get Too Many of This Kind

DEAR EDITOR: I suppose you get a great many letters, but I want you to know that our family likes your magazine better every week.

What Is the Smallest Amount of Stock I Can Buy?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THIS question, in varying forms, comes to me repeatedly. Evidently there are many people who want to make a beginning as stockholders, but who do not know how much they must have to make that beginning.

Theoretically there is no minimum. I have seen stock offered recently in glaring newspaper advertisements for two cents a share. It may be good, but all the presumptions are against it. I suppose a person could insist upon buying one share of that stock; but the absurdity of such a proceeding is evident.

In order to prevent forgeries and other irregularities, the leading stock exchanges have adopted stringent rules regarding the engraving of securities. These standards are also adopted by most of the legitimate corporations whose stocks and bonds are not dealt in on the exchanges. To meet those requirements it costs a corporation, on the average, perhaps fifteen cents for issue a single certificate of stock. Obviously, then, there would not be much profit for a corporation to sell a two-cent share of stock, pay a big commission to a sales-men or for advertising, and have the mere work of engraving, transfer, etc., cost fifteen cents in addition.

Two-Cent Shares

CLEARLY no corporation wants to sell a single share of stock at two cents. Indeed, people who buy two-cent shares are probably urged to buy several thousand of them bunched in one certificate. And, even allowing for the fact that corporations that sell two-cent shares must issue but ordinary printed instead of engraved certificates, there will still remain in the mind of any business man a suspicion that stock selling for a few cents a share can not even pay its way.

While there are probably numerous brilliant exceptions to this generalization, I am inclined to think that long experience indicates the unwisdom of approaching any stock with considerable caution that has a face, or par, value of less than five dollars a share. In the same way, stocks that sell for much less than their par value are likewise to be approached carefully.

But, when we come to stocks of good standing and a par and market value that is not ridiculous, it will be found that any number of shares from one upward are obtainable. Taking the New York Stock Exchange merely as a standard, it will be found that many brokers are just as willing to buy one share of stock as ten. They make the same charge—$1 or $1.25—for buying any number of shares from one upward. Above ten shares the regular rate of commission is 12½ cents per share, although the broker has a perfect right to charge more if he so desires.

You May Begin to Invest with $10

THERE is no reason why a man with $50 or $100 should not begin to buy sound, dividend-paying stocks. Indeed, purchases may begin at $10, but usually any one who is thinking of investing at all has as much as $50.

There are two desirable methods of buying stocks—either outright or on the partial-payment plan. Where outright purchases are made, the investor merely pays to his broker the full market price of each share, with the commission added, and as soon as payment is made the broker has the stock transferred to the purchaser's name and sends him the actual certificates, after which the dividends are credited to the purchaser. Where stocks are bought on the partial-payment plan, an initial installment of from twenty to thirty per cent. of the market price is made, and a further monthly payment of from $2 to $5 a share. This method is rarely employed to buy a single share, but is an excellent way of buying five, ten, or more shares.

The partial-payment buyer does not receive actual physical possession of the stock until it has been paid for in full. But he does receive the dividends, which he can each or leave on deposit to reduce his indebtedness to the broker. On this debit he pays six per cent. interest.

Have you an ambition to become a part owner in one of America's great transportation or industrial enterprises? It is easy enough to accomplish. You don't have to be a millionaire to make a start.

Next week Mr. Atwood will answer the questions: "How Do I Know It Is Safe?"

What Shall I Do When I Can't Sleep?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

A QUESTION that evidently is causing uneasiness among many readers concerns sleeplessness. Insomnia usually is a result of one or more of any number of different causes.

Eating too much or not enough before going to bed; cold feet; bad air; retiring with too many of the day's problems unsolved; insomniaphobia, or fear of sleeplessness; too much light; too much noise in the sleeping apartment; being uncomfortably crowded; nervousness, worry, and excessive mental activity; overblood supply superadjusted with toxic products; too much blood or not enough; eyestrain; even grave physical defects, as heart trouble, high blood-pressure, deranged digestion, pain, kidney failure—almost any abnormality may cause insomnia.

It would be highly advisable to seek competent medical advice as to the cause of this complex and aggravating condition before attempting any method of treatment, for it can be permanently overcome only by removing or correcting the cause.

A few general rules, however, may be helpful.

First, while animals feast abundantly, and immediately afterward sleep soundly, the average human being has been civilized away from this fine trait. So, to insure sleeping, it may be sound judgment for us our part to eschew the late supper, and always allow a sufficient length of time to elapse between eating and sleeping.

Yet one should not try to sleep if that "all gone" feeling is present, or if there is a superabundance of blood in the brain. A glass of hot malted milk or barley will "still the craving." Or a light, easily digested lunch will draw the excess blood from the brain, and invite sleep.

If the feet are cold and clammy—or even on general principles—a hot footbath before turning in will soothe and quiet. In cold weather a pair of warm stockings may be worn with advantage.

Pure Air the Best Narcotic

NOTHING conduces to a pleasant slumber more effectively than a generous current of pure air flowing through the sleeping chamber. Naturally, the bed should be protected from direct drafts, and there should be sufficient bedclothes to prevent any uncomfortable or sleep-dispelling sensations from cold, both in winter and in summer.

Hard reading or study, or mechanical planning of the next day's activities, should be rigorously avoided.

Fear of sleeplessness should be pooh-poohed—two or three times. This is a splendid soporific; for courage rapels the brooding demon of unrest, while fear incites his presence.

We can minimize noise by placing in our ears cotton plugs dipped in vaseline. And it would be money well spent to secure an easy, comfortable couch, devoid of protuberant knobs or projections.

Auto-Intoxication May Cause Sleeplessness

NERVOUSNESS resulting from auto-intoxication can best be overcome by regulating the diet—limiting the quantity of meats, eliminating tea, coffee, alcohol, and also tobacco in excess, and by cleaning the under-oxidized debris from the system.

We have learned a lot about auto-intoxication in recent years. Many sedentary workers suffer from it, but know not that they suffer. A careful "going over" by a physician, and equally careful adherence to the diet and regimen he will prescribe, will invariably benefit these cases.

If the insomniac is troubled with headaches, usually relieved by a night's rest, it is highly probable that some acute condition exists. This should be submitted to an oculist for correction.

Almost anything that soothes and quiets is good—except drugs, which should never be used except under medical supervision, and then only as a means to "breaking in" on the habit of insomnia.

Treat insomnia with intelligence and discrimination, and it will repay you by disgustedly folding its wings and deserting to fresh fields of endeavor.

Next week Dr. Bowers answers the most interesting question, Next week: "Is There Any Risk in Camping Out?"

Vol. I
No. 13

EveryWeek

July 26,
1915

Can a Millionaire's Son Make Good?

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

THE will of Alfred G. Vanderbilt, which has recently been filed, is an interesting document, not only from a financial but from a social point of view. It sheds great light upon that question which has troubled so many students of American life: the permanence of American fortunes; the possibility of building up an indestructible aristocracy based upon wealth—in a word, the vexed problem of that most interesting of Americans figures, the millionaire's son.

Alfred Vanderbilt disposes of a fortune generally estimated at $30,000,000. His oldest son receives a flat $5,000,000. Each of his other sons, the children of a second marriage, receive $7,500,000. These three children represent the elder line of the Vanderbilt family—the American family which still, in spite of recent developments, fires the popular imagination as embodying all the power and prestige of unlimited wealth.

"As rich as Vanderbilt" long ago became a popular proverb. Yet probably hundreds of Americans whose names are scarcely known possess fortunes much larger than do these latest Vanderbilt heirs.

Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family, died in 1877, leaving a fortune of $100,000,000. Eight years afterward his son and heir, William Henry, died the richest man in the world, having nearly doubled his inheritance. In 1899 his son Cornelius died, leaving $72,000,000. Now his principal heir, Alfred G., leaves only $30,000,000. Compare, for a moment, the fortune of William Henry, the head of the family in 1885, with that of William Henry, the head of the family—head in the sense of being the oldest son of the elder branch—in 1915. The first William Henry was in possession of a fortune of $200,000,000; the present William Henry has a fortune of $5,000,000. Clearly here, in a figurative and financial sense, we have a case of "shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations."

Another recent happening indicates a collapse in that other American family whose wealth and power, as late as 1900, seemed founded on a rock. In March of this year George J. Gould surrendered control of the Missouri Pacific Railroad to a group of bankers representing the Harriman-Standard Oil interests.

When Jay Gould died, in 1892, he left his family absolutely in control of the Manhattan Elevated railroads in New York, the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the great Gould railroad system. The Interborough Company took over the Elevated roads in 1903; the Bell Telephone Company purchased the Western Union about five years ago; and now the Harriman-Standard Oil capitalists have captured the wonderful Gould railroad system. Thus it has taken only twenty-three years to restore the Gould family to financial impotence.

In 1847 Moses Yale Beach, a distinguished journalist, published a brochure giving the names of the richest Americans in New York. It contains only two or three—Astor, Vanderbilt, Goelet—that to-day carry any suggestion of great wealth. Do such names as Aspinwall, Grinnell, Beekman, Boerman, Harmony, Howland, and Hunt mean anything to the modern American school-boy? In the modern American school-boy? In their day, however, these men were great millionaires; they filled the popular imagination as completely as do Rockefeller, Carnegie, Frick, Armour, and Marshall Field to-day.

VINCENT ASTOR, *whose father's tragic death on the Titanic left him the head of the Astor family and the custodian of its wealth.*

The Astor fortune is handed down under such restrictions that even if the inheritor does nothing he'll make a financial success, at least.

The Most Difficult Problem a Millionaire Has to Face

MILLIONAIRES have many difficult problems to face, and probably not one embarrasses them so much as what to do with their sons. They find no difficulty in wringing additional millions out of railroad stocks; the proper way of handling their successors, however, is a power.

"Let a boy know that he is going to be rich when he grows up," said Russell Sage, "and in nine cases out of ten he will turn out worthless."

"No man should leave money to his children," said Cecil Rhodes. "It is a curse to them. What we should do for our children, if we would do them the best service we can, is to give them the best education we can procure for them, and then turn them loose in the world without a penny for themselves. What happens anyhow to fortunes? They have no longer any spur to effort."

Many famous Americans have expressed similar ideas. When Henry Ford announced a plan of profit-sharing that inevitably meant a huge diminution of his profits, some one reminded him that he had a son, and asked what was likely to become of him. This son, replied Mr. Ford, would have to shift for himself. Ford would have to shift for himself, precisely as his father had; he did not propose to ruin his prospects at the start by leaving him an unwieldy fortune!

I remember several years ago reading a letter written by Andrew Carnegie to the editor of a great New York newspaper. This paper, printing a description of Mr. Carnegie's new Fifth Avenue house, had interjected the statement that the iron-master had given it to his daughter, then a little girl, as a Christmas present.

Mr. Carnegie expressed the pain that this published statement had caused him. His daughter, he wrote, had been brought up in the simplest gingham-apron manner; as far as it was possible, the fact that her father was an exceedingly rich man had been concealed from her. Mr. Carnegie could hardly think of anything so wicked as making a child a present of a million-dollar house! As a matter of fact, he said, his daughter would not inherit an immense fortune, since he proposed giving it all away before he died. Mr. Carnegie was already upon record as having said that the most injudicious use any man could make of his wealth was to give it to his family. "Moderate life provisions should be made for the wife and daughters, and very moderate allowances, if any, for the sons."

The history of American millionairedom reveals two methods of handling this difficult problem. Some rich men have pampered their children, placed practically no limitations upon their expenditures, made no attempt to train them for their approaching responsibilities, resting content to see them shine as "gentlemen" and force their way into social prominence purely by virtue of their wealth. Others, while not adopting the extreme ideas of Henry Ford and Andrew Carnegie, have sought to endow their children with something in the nature of a Spartan training.

It is hardly necessary to cite illustrations of the first method. The newspapers furnish abundant material of this kind. But are there no cases on the other side? Have any of our millionaire sons had a careful, parsimonious training? If so, has this bringing up justified itself?

That same Vanderbilt family furnishes several illustrations pro and con. Here we find the results of pampering, and the results of a training so severe that it amounted almost to parental neglect. Commodore Vanderbilt had no use for the luxurious extravagance of life. Knowledge of Latin and algebra, Gold Coast dormitories at Harvard, and expensive yachts formed, in his mind, none of the essentials of a young man's education. He respected only one trait in the rising generation, and that was work. He had thirteen children, and he did little to help any of them in the world. He treated his eleven daughters with almost shabby indifference. He showed no particular interest in his eldest son. Although the Commodore, in the latter's boyhood, was already a millionaire, William H. received only the rudiments of a common school education.

This second Vanderbilt did not impress people as a brilliant boy; he seemed rather slow-thinking and slow-acting. But he finally landed a job as a clerk in a banking house, which, after several years' hard, patient work, yielded him a salary of sixteen dollars a week. The Commodore gave him no allowance, and spoke disparagingly of him, usually describing him as a "chucklehead" and a "beetlehead," these terms evidently being early nineteenth-century equivalents for "bonehead."

Commodore Vanderbilt's Spartan Training

YOUNG Vanderbilt had the courage to marry on his sixteen dollars a week; but he did not have money enough to furnish a home, and he established his domestic hearth in a boarding-house on East Broadway. His rollicking millionaire father paid no attention to him, his wife, or his children. William, he used to inform his friends, was "bound to go to the dogs." Finally, however, the Commodore purchased for his son a farm on Staten Island, and placed him there to dig a living out of the soil.

"Billy's good for nothing," he said; "I'm going to try to make a farmer of him."

A few years later William asked for a loan of $5,000 with which to make certain improvements. The millionaire railroad magnate indignantly refused. "You don't amount to a row of pins anyway," he told him. "You won't be able to do anything but to bring disgrace upon yourself, your family, and everybody connected with you." Lest this be regarded as exaggeration, let me quote the words of William H. Vanderbilt himself, given as a witness in the famous Vanderbilt will suit:

"In 1856 I borrowed $6,000 from a neighbor," he testified. "I sent a man to see father, to get it from him. My father said: 'No, damn him, let him mortgage his farm.' About four months after that my father took me riding with him one day, told me that I had mortgaged my farm, and that I was a sucker. He told me that a fellow that did not

live within his means would never get any of his money."

The Commodore kept his favorite son upon this solitary Staten Island farm for twenty-two years. Although no one but Cornelius Vanderbilt himself knew it, this period was really an apprenticeship in frugality and industry. Although the Commodore loved to call William H. to his face a "stupid blockhead," the object of this parental by-play was really not a fool at all. And the Commodore understood this better than other men. He had already selected William H. as his heir; this long, harsh training was an essential preparative. When the Staten Island farm began to yield profits of $10,000 a year, no one was quite so delighted at William's success as the Commodore.

One day a Staten Island railroad became bankrupt. The Commodore surreptitiously had his son made receiver. William handled the job with a financial skill worthy of his father. "There's something in the boy, after all!" the latter exclaimed gleefully. He called him from the farm and put him into the office of the Harlem Railroad. In a few years he was president. He now became his father's business intimate, and, in the latter's lifetime, the manager of all the Vanderbilt properties. Certainly, from Commodore Vanderbilt's own standpoint, the man justified his severe training. In seven years he increased his fortune from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000, and had added enormously to the Vanderbilt railroads.

William was a kinder, more affectionate man than his father; but his two sons, Cornelius and William Kissam, also had a plain bringing up. Both spent their early lives on the Staten Island farm, and both received little more than a common school education. Cornelius "went to work" as a clerk in the Shoe and Leather Bank, and supported himself on his salary. William K. spent his earlier days as a bookkeeper. Cornelius worked so hard at his railroads that he died, practically of exhaustion, at the early age of fifty-six. His brother, William K., who also had worked hard as a young man, took warning. "Both my father and brother died of apoplexy," he once said. "I don't propose to end that way." Cornelius, therefore, was the last of the working Vanderbilts. And, as already shown, the Vanderbilt fortune declined with the decline of industrious habits.

In his heroic death, however, Alfred G. Vanderbilt contributed one fine chapter to the family history. The whole family story contains nothing so splendid as his act, the other day, in giving his life preserver to a woman passenger on the *Lusitania*.

Other Millionaires' Sons

STUYVESANT FISH'S oldest son started his career as station agent on the Illinois Central Railroad at Salina, Kansas. Harriman made his eldest boy work hard at railroading during every summer vacation. He spent two months one summer with a surveying gang on the Union Pacific. Harriman's will clearly expresses his ideas on the wisdom of giving large fortunes to inexperienced young men. He left his children nothing at all, but gave his whole estate unconditionally to his wife. Another son, Averill, who was recently graduated from Yale, made a reputation there for manliness, industry, and simplicity of manners. Young Henry H. Rogers, as a result of a careful training in industrious and abstemious living, was able to take over all his father's business responsibilities.

Louis Hill's mother wished him to become a painter. But the boy was determined to follow in his father's footsteps and become a railroad man. "Then," said James J., "you must be a good one, and you must start at the bottom." Young Hill's first job was with a construction gang in North Dakota. Then he learned railroad mechanics as a laborer in the St. Paul shops. He also studied at first hand the operating department, and learned all the details of the passenger and freight business. In time he became the president of the Great Northern.

"Young John D." is another millionaire's son who has not frittered away his substance under the Broadway white lights. His interests, however, are not mainly business. "I'd rather lead a Sunday school than run an office," he once said.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was "cut off with a million" because he married the girl of his heart, is the one member of the family in the fourth generation who has gone in for hard toil, and he has succeeded. Eben Jordan, of Boston, is the working head of the great department store founded by his father. August Belmont is the representative of the Rothschilds in this country, as his father was before him. Peter Cooper Hewitt, the grandson of the great millionaire Peter Cooper, has won world-wide fame as an inventor. Winthrop Ames, scion of the millionaire shovel-making and railroad-building Ames of Massachusetts, is doing excellent work in elevating the theater. Cameron Forbes, descended from the man who created the Burlington Railroad, made an excellent record as Governor of the Philippines.

Rudolph Spreckels, son of Claus Spreckels, the sugar millionaire, went to work at seventeen, soon engaged in business on his own account in opposition to his father, beat the old gentleman at his own game, and "retired" at twenty-six, a millionaire self-made. "I was never licked but once," said Claus Spreckels, "and that was by my own boy!" Rudolph Spreckels' work as a political reformer has since made him known one of the most honored in America.

Clearly, the son of a millionaire is not predestined to be a fool or a wastrel. The record, however, rather indorses the theory that for him, as well as for others not born to the financial purple, an early life of industry and reasonable abstemiousness favors success.

The Making of Madigan

By GEORGE WESTON

Illustrations by Ralf Armstrong

IN his fight for success Madigan had two advantages. As a boy he had been poor, clever, and industrious; a combination that can kick like a mule and fly like an eagle. And in the second place Madigan was the first man to make the United States government give him a first-rate letter of introduction to the solid citizens of New York, a letter of introduction that was not only as good as money, but was literally just the same as money.

Madigan was born at Milton, in that region where the eastern end of the corn belt melts into the western end of the factory zone. He started life with the normal number of parents, but was speedily reduced to one. Madigan, Sr., otherwise known as "Dynamite Bill," was blasting a rock one very fine morning when he made a miscalculation. So his wife became a widow, and both she and her son were obliged to scratch gravel.

Mrs. Madigan went out by the day and took in washing. Her son ran with a milk wagon in the morning, went to school at nine o'clock, and carried a paper route at night. This affected his social standing among his school-mates in a somewhat marked degree,—a social standing further involved by the fact that his trousers were patched.

IN spite of these handicaps, however, or perhaps because of them, Madigan was the star of his class. Like the girl in the fable who said, "If you're not pretty, you've got to be smart," Maddy seemed to think that if he couldn't achieve a sartorial triumph he would at least hit the bull's-eye in education. So, when Silas W. Bronson, president of the Milton National Bank, made claim upon the school for its brightest graduate, William M. Madigan, Jr., was the only one who filled the specifications.

Wherefore it happened that Mrs. Madigan thanked her Creator one night for granting the dream of her life. Willy had accepted a position in a bank—in a bank! —where dynamite was taboo and fortunes were made in a night!

It is true that the immediate salary was only five dollars a week. But Mrs. Madigan didn't dwell on that. She thought of the future.

"He had an eye that said 'I can,' and a chin that added 'I will.'"

Even in those days Madigan had an eye that said "I can," and a chin that added "I will"; for when a boy works on a milk wagon four hours before school opens, and carries a six-mile paper route after school closes, he gets a ghost on him like a young barrel and learns how to whack at his work like a human war machine.

Within a week Madigan had become almost useful to Silas W. Bronson, who employed him as private clerk. Within a month he was almost indispensable. And within a year Silas W. had added another five dollars a week to his young clerk's salary to keep him from going to the Watchease Company.

Silas W. was known as the meanest man in Milton. But from time to time he had other fits of madness, in which he raised Madigan's salary by fractional amounts, and doubled his work and responsibilities with a liberal hand.

On his twenty-sixth birthday Maddy was sitting on the front veranda with his mother (it was that cool hour after a hot summer day when the motor-cars come out for an airing) and she happened to wonder if she'd ever live to see the day when her Willy would have his own car, "as big as any of them."

Perhaps that was all Madigan needed; for he felt his heart jump within him like a race-horse touched by the spur. He went out to the woodshed, feeling too strong to sit still any longer, and there he took stock of himself. The inventory showed as follows:

A savings account of $1,215.
A weekly salary of $25.
A mother who firmly believed he would be president of a bank—some day.
A girl with cheerful blue eyes who had been waiting two years.
And a feeling of ambition that sometimes threatened to burst on him and spatter him all over Milton County and the territory adjacent thereto.

Having thus taken stock, Madigan closed the books, saying, "Something's going to break." And seizing the ax he tackled the oak blocks, singing all six parts of the sextet at once.

THE next morning Colonel Mapes called at the bank to see old Silas W. The Colonel owned the Watchease Company, Milton's biggest factory. Madigan was at his desk in the corner, answering the morning's mail.

"Silas," began the Colonel, "how are you off for money?"

"How much do you want?" growled Silas W.

"A lot!" replied the beaming Colonel, and he pressed his beard in an optimistic manner. "I've got a chance to land a ten-year contract that would double our business. But to do that I shall have to buy those old houses and stores on the south of the factory, pull most of them down, and double our present floor space."

"Big expense!"

"It'll cost two hundred thousand dollars by the time I'm through. But of course the factory will be worth that much more. I can lay my hands on nearly a

hundred thousand by selling a batch of securities that I've got down in my box here. Can you lend me the other hundred thousand?"

"Money's tight. Let you know to-morrow."

They talked a few minutes longer, growler and optimist, bass and tenor; but over in his corner Madigan heard no more. His mind was turned inward, marveling at his First Big Scheme.

WHEN the clock struck twelve Madigan strode out into the warm sunshine, eager for the interview before him.

Over in the watchcase factory he hurried, and running up the stairs two at a time he met Colonel Mapes just as the latter was coming out of his private office.

"Colonel!" he cried with joy in his voice. "The very man I want to see!" He led the older man gently back through the door. "Of course I heard what you were saying to Silas W. this morning," he began, "and I've got such a great little scheme that I simply can't keep it to myself any longer."

His smile was so contagious that the Colonel promptly caught it. "Well, Maddy, my boy, what is it?"

"If I can show you how to make a lot of money this next year, Colonel, and show you how to finance it too, will you divide the profits with me if you decide to go into it, and if I do my share of the work?"

The Colonel's smile grew more cautious, and he thought before he answered. "If you can show me how to make money that I wouldn't otherwise make," he said at last, "and if it's good, clean money, I don't see why I shouldn't go shares on it. Do you?"

"Not on your life! We'll shake hands on that, Colonel. I'd rather trust this than a government bond," he laughed as he vigorously pump-handled the other's arm. "Now, sir! You want to double your factory. Well, I'm going to show you how to do it for nothing, and then have a lot left over!"

"Bless my soul!" cried the Colonel. "How can you do that?"

"You know where the Milton trolley curves up the river road. Well, if instead of turning south it ran straight on, it would go through Miller's farm for half a mile until it reached the railroad and the river."

"Exactly."

"Down there near the river, where Miller pastures his young stock, is the ideal place for your factory. The railway company would build you a sidetrack, and you wouldn't have any more trucking to do. There's all the water you need, and all the land you need. The trolley company would be tickled to death to put in a trunk and run cars down to the factory. That would take care of your help. And instead of being shut in by old buildings and streets, Colonel, you could have one of the most beautiful factories in the country—grass lawns all around the buildings, and flower beds, and gravel walks, and fountains. Everybody passing on the railroad would see it and remember it. Think of the indirect advertising it would give you, and think how much better off your help would be!"

"BUT, my dear boy, I already have this factory here!"

"Of course you have. And being a member of the Board of Trade you know the Western Mower Company is thinking of coming to Milton. Colonel, if you and I are good salesmen we can sell them your present site and factory for enough money to build a new factory on the Miller farm twice as big as this one is."

"Bless my soul!" cried the Colonel.

"But that's not the point," cried Maddigan. "You've got about two hundred and sixty hands here, haven't you? If you double your capacity, say, you'll have five hundred. All right. We'll cut up the Miller farm into quarter-acre building lots. A fifty-foot lot anywhere here in Milton costs at least a thousand dollars. Well, we'll sell a bigger lot for five hundred. And think what a beautiful place it is to live! Think of the view of the river! We'll put up a boathouse, and a casino, and a mothers' club, and a playing park for children, and in a year or two we'll have a city over there. We'll call it Mapesville, and your name will go down to future generations as long as there's any United States. There'll be a railway station first thing you know, and a post-office, and churches, and banks, and stores, and everything else there is. How's that for a scheme? A peach!"

"Bless my soul!" cried the Colonel, who couldn't leave his whiskers alone.

"Why, Colonel, the more you think about it, the better it is. Now let's get back where we started from. If we can sell your present site and factory to the Western Mower people and get enough money out of them to buy the Miller farm and build a new factory out there as big and as fine as you want it,—if we can do this, will you do it?"

"In a minute," exclaimed the Colonel; "for I'd double my factory for nothing, even if we couldn't sell any building lots."

"We'll sell building lots, all right. You leave that to me. But first I must telephone Silas W.," said Madigan, reaching for the receiver.

"What's Silas W. got to do with it?" asked the Colonel uneasily. "Is he in on this?"

"Not on your life!" exclaimed Maddy. "Nobody's in this but you and me. I'm resigning from the bank, that's all."

"Better wait first until we see if the Western Mower people will buy."

"No, sir!" cried Madigan. "I'm going to cut away from the bank job, and then they've got to buy!"

FIRST there was an innocent looking option on the Miller farm, then an agreement by the railroad to put in a sidetrack, then if the Colonel would build a factory, then if the trolley company agreed to extend their line, and then the Western Mower Company bought the watchcase factory for eight thousand dollars more than the Colonel had hoped to get.

"Maddy," said the Colonel, "the next time you sell any property belonging to me you sell any property belonging to me you sell any property belonging to me

man; but it merely nettled Maddy. "These folks have made their friends and connections," he thought, "and they haven't much use for an outsider. So it's up to me to make friends and connections too. I'll go right out and see Miller."

He walked briskly along Broadway until he reached the Realty Tower, and there, on the twenty-fifth floor, a world-weary clerk took his card and disappeared into an inner room. Through the open door Maddy heard an indifferent voice:

"Madigan? Who's Madigan?"

The owner of that name strode along the hall until he came to that door, and there he wheeled right in. "How do you do, Mr. Miller?" he cried. "I'm Madigan! Madigan's the man who put Mapesville on the map, and I've just dropped in to tell you about it!"

MYRON MILLER frowned. His face and hair were a study in pink and silver, and the perfection of his clothes indicated a valet who was an artist in his line. Nevertheless the slight contraction of his brows was as unmistakable as a long-shoreman's rage, and Madigan knew he was in for a struggle.

As a matter of fact, the King of New York Realty Operators showed his displeasure for three reasons. In the first place, he had lately acquired a fashionable wife and aristocratic tendencies; wherefore Madigan's unconventional appearance jarred him. Secondly, he had met so many glad-handed pirates with intricate designs for scuttling his checkbook that he was suspicious of every smile, of every pleasant word. And in the last place, two of his banks had just intimated that a reduction of his loan account was not only advisable, but imperative; and at that period of his history Miller was up to his frowning eyebrows in so many deals that ready money and the breath of life were hardly anything more than synonymous terms with him.

He listened to Madigan with the wall-eyed expression of a man who is thinking of something else.

"Yes, yes," he interrupted. "But—er—Mr. Radigan—I shall have to ask you to call again. You see, there are only so many hours in a day, and I happen to be particularly busy this week. What was your idea in calling, by the way?"

"I wanted to make your acquaintance," said Madigan with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, yes. But why?"

"Because it's my ambition to break into New York real estate."

"Can you sell lots, Mr.—er—er—"

"Madigan's my name. Yes, I can sell lots. You mean on a commission basis?"

"Naturally."

"I can sell lots on a commission basis as fast as you can, Mr. Miller. But also, like yourself, I can make money faster than that."

"There are many men who think the same," said Miller in a listless tone. He picked up his pen and dipped it in the ink. "There are millions of them right here in New York, for instance."

"But I've shown what I can do in Mapesville—"

"Unfortunately, Mapesville isn't New York."

Madigan's teeth shut tight. "I see," he nodded. "It's up to me to make a local reputation; isn't that it? Just now it's a case of 'Who's Madigan?' All right. I'll find a way to answer your question." He held out his hand. "Good-by, Mr. Miller," he cheerfully exclaimed. "You'll hear from me again before long. And when you do," he inwardly added, "it's going to be some noise!"

FOR a week Madigan looked around and sized up his task. It didn't take him long to discover just how small a chance a hundred thousand dollars in New York real estate had.

"All the same," he told himself, "I've got to make a reputation somehow. But how? *How?* HOW?" A short, sharp question, full of meat and muscle, which has knocked out many a weaker man than Madigan.

One day on the lower West Side, where he had gone to see the transatlantic liners, he found himself with no smaller change than a twenty-dollar bill. "No use getting on a car with that," he thought. "I'll change it in one of these stores."

He entered a large commission house, one of hundreds that make their headquarters in that neighborhood. Over the door was the sign "Simmons & Son. Est. 1857." Making his way between the barrels of produce he came at last to an office in the rear. "Mr. Simmons in?" he called.

A white-haired man rose.

"Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Simmons," smiled Maddy. "But will you change a twenty-dollar bill for a stranger? Thank you, sir. Not much danger of starving to death around here."

The old man came out of the cage, as fine a figure as ever stood in a background of turnips and onions, and interested (without knowing it) in Maddy's fresh color and his evident curiosity about the barrels.

"Young man," he said, "I'm going to show you some of the biggest alligator pears you ever saw in your life," and he led the way out to the sidewalk. The next store was on the corner. It was empty.

"A place like yours is a liberal education, Mr. Simmons," said Maddy at last. "I sha'n't forget it in a hurry, nor your kindness either. If you get any more stock in here, I suppose you'll be renting this corner store too."

"No; we've got room enough. You know, I've often thought this corner store would make a good place for a bank. The nearest bank is a dozen blocks away."

Right then and there Maddy conceived the Second Great Idea of his life.

"Mr. Simmons," he said, quickly turning and holding out his hand, "if I organize a national bank in this neighborhood, will you be one of its directors?"

"If you can get the right people in it," said the other, after a thoughtful pause, "why, yes—provided, of course, that everything else is satisfactory to me."

"We'll shake on that!" laughed Madigan exultingly. "It's a go, Mr. Simmons! It's a go!"

IN and out of the commission district wove Madigan, every line and every move of him full of health and confidence and sincerity.

"Mr. Brown? Pleased to meet you!" This was Maddy's form of greeting.

"You know Mr. Simmons of Simmons & Son? Of course. He happened to suggest the other day how handy it would be to have a bank in this neighborhood. So I'm organizing one,—the Abingdon National Bank, named after Abingdon Square. Mr. Brown, I'm here to ask you two questions. First: Wouldn't you like to be a stockholder in your present bank, and get your share of the profits and surplus? Second: Do you know any surer, easier way of making money than buying a few shares of bank stock at par, and watching it climb?

"I'll tell you right now, I'm not after money. I'm only after names—and, by Jove! they've got to be good names too! Mr. Brown, there are seventeen reasons why you should add your name to this subscription list—why you should write it down with this pen and blot it with this blotter—"

Up and down stairs went William M. Madigan, up to the top floors and down to the basements, getting a name here and a name there, securing subscriptions for one share, two shares, ten shares, every name making it easier to get the others, and every name meaning an additional depositor in the new bank. From Broadway to the Hudson River, and from Vesey Street to Fourteenth, he covered every business building, running back occasionally to the livest wires, and getting additional subscriptions or the names of other live wires.

"What better, cleaner business is there than a bank?" he argued with them. "Did you ever have a chance to get in on the ground floor of one before? Do you ever expect to have the chance again? The average value of bank shares in New York is in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars. You'll pay a hundred for yours; not only that, but the Abingdon National Bank will be your bank. You people down here will own it, body, boots, and breeches. Your money won't be tied up in Wall Street loans. It will be here, every cent of it, to help you men in your own legitimate business. Look at this list of subscriptions! Do you want anybody to have an edge on you? One share of stock will cost you only a hundred dollars, and you don't have to pay a cent till every share is subscribed for.

"But I tell you, Mr. Brown, time is getting short. We've turned the corner long ago, and we're speeding home now. This fountain pen is getting worn out; but I guess it's still got spunk enough for you to add your name to the list of owners of the Abingdon National Bank."

So spoke William M. Madigan, studying his arguments as a virtuoso studies a Beethoven score, changing his talk at every call. On Sundays he explored that part of the north shore of Long Island which was within commuting distance of Herald Square; for it hadn't taken him long to find out that many of the most profitable deals in acreage had been made in that section. And so it happened that one Sunday afternoon the passing motorists stared to see a young man striding along toward the Hillcove Station. He was traveling as though he meant to throw his legs away, and he was singing all six parts of the Lucia sextet.

A FORTNIGHT later the stockholders of the Abingdon National Bank held their first meeting. The charter was approved, the bylaws were passed, and nominations for officers were in order.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Simmons, "you have all made the acquaintance of Mr. Madigan, and you all know whether he has impressed you well or otherwise. A few of us have even gone to the trouble of looking him up, and I myself visited his home town to see what the folks back there had to say about him. Well, I want to tell you he's all right." (Applause.) "For sixteen years he was assistant to the president of the Milton National Bank, and everybody there likes him and respects him. He left the bank last spring, and made over a hundred thousand dollars in real estate in less than six months. Then he came to New York to see what he could do here, and we've been the first to see him in action. I tell you he can get business, and he can attend to business, and that's the sort of man who can make this bank a success. I nominate William M. Madigan to be the first president of the bank he has created."

Then up rose William M. Madigan to a volley of applause. "Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you very much; but I can't take that office or any other. I came to New York to go into the real estate business, and I organized this bank to show I had some life in me. That's all. I appreciate your compliment very much; but I beg to be excused."

"If you want to go into the real estate business later, that's got nothing to do with the present," objected Simmons. "A lot of us have got our minds made up on this, and you'll upset our plans if you won't accept the office. Anyhow, will you fill the presidency till we can find somebody else? You know, gentlemen," he concluded, turning to the stockholders, "the office of president requires a man of banking experience and business ability, and that's a combination that isn't so precious easy to find."

"I second the nomination of Mr. Madigan!" cried a hearty voice.

Madigan was about to object again, when the Third Great Idea struck him. He had been planning to call on Myron Miller and say, "You wanted to know who Madigan was. Well, Madigan's the man who came to New York a stranger, and in less than four months had organized the Abingdon National Bank." But suddenly to his mind appeared a much neater scheme than that. Instead of rising to object, he sat tight and smug, and a minute later he heard himself unanimously elected president of the Abingdon National Bank.

PRESIDENT MADIGAN was signing his first batch of twenty-dollar bank-note certificates, pausing occasionally to admire the general effect. At last there were only three left.

One of those he put in an envelop and addressed it to his mother—his mother who had always known her boy would be president of a bank some day. And when Madigan wrote the word "Milton" he smiled. He was thinking of the boy who carried papers in Milton twenty years ago, and how some of the girls pretended not to see him when they met, because of the papers under his arm and the patches on his trousers.

"But *she* always noticed me!" grinned Madigan, and he addressed the second twenty-dollar banknote to the girl who had waited two years.

The third one went into an envelop addressed to "Myron Miller," and then Madigan went out to make a long-promised call.

"Mr. Miller in?" he asked the weary-looking clerk.

"Card, please."

Maddy took Miller's envelop out of his pocket. "There's a note of introduction in that," he smiled. "Tell him my name is in the lower right-hand corner."

A minute later the clerk came back with the hop, skip, and jump. "You're to go right in."

But on the threshold of the private office Madigan stopped.

"Well, Mr. Miller," he said, "do you know who Madigan is now?"

Myron Miller sprang to his feet and approached his visitor with the glad right hand of fellowship. In his left was the twenty-dollar banknote of the Abingdon National Bank.

"I never saw a better note of introduction in my life!" cried Miller. "Come to Mr. Live Wire, and give me a few shocks!"

FOR a time they talked of Maddy's two creations: Mapesville and the bank. Then the older man mentioned some of his experiences in developing Long Island real estate.

"How much money did you make out of the Northeast Bay property?" asked Madigan, suddenly tightening in his chair.

"Nearly three millions."

"And that was a hundred and ten acres. Do you know any reason why we couldn't make as much out of the Cornelius Beeman estate, just this side of Northeast Bay?"

"You couldn't buy the Beeman estate for love or money," said the other quickly.

"No; because his wife liked it. But Mrs. Beeman went to California last month—to get a divorce, I'm afraid. Anyhow, Mr. Beeman sold me a ninety-day option on his property—"

"No!"

"Yes! Mr. Miller, you see this list of directors of the Abingdon National Bank? They trust me because they know I'm on the square. So do the stockholders—to the very last man! And, what's more, they are going to keep right on trusting me as long as they live, because they'll always find me on the square. Now, look! You and I are going to organize the Miller-Madigan Company to develop the Beeman property. I expect to do my share of the work, and I expect you to do yours. I expect to find my half of the necessary capital, and I expect you to find your half. We'll give the real estate market such a tonic as it hasn't had for years, and when it's over—I expect to get my half of the profits, and I expect you to get yours. What do you say?"

"My dear boy, I'm on! After such a letter of introduction as this I'll give you anything you want in reason—before you take it away from me. And if we don't make a million apiece on this—why, you can have it all! Ready to start right in?"

"A week from to-day. I've got another matter to attend to first—the best investment a man ever made in this world!"

"Let me in on it, will you?" cried Miller.

"Let you in on it?" cried Madigan. "I like that! I'm going home to be married!"

The Girl of the Nutmeg Isle

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustration by Harvey T. Dunn

YOUNG Paul Corbet, twenty-two, a clerk in his father's Liverpool factory, has always been the black sheep of the family, because he can not settle down to the grind like his brothers, and wants to see the world. One day he has a chance to go on board the *Empress of Singapore*, which is just starting for the far East. He hears that Vincent Gore, a famous explorer, is on board, bound for parts unknown, and he suddenly decides to offer himself as Gore's secretary. Gore refuses him, but young Corbet, his heart set on going, fights Gore's valet, and takes the valet's place. When he presents himself before Gore the boat is already under way. Gore, amused by the boy's persistence and nerve, accepts the situation philosophically, and sends him to clean his boots.

I SHOULD never have remembered to write to my father if Gore had not told me to do it, somewhere about Bombay. When I did write, I found I had nothing particular to say to him. I only told him that I was not coming back, and sent a civil message to Aunt Sarah. There was no use in filling up pages with explanations, even if I could have explained anything.

Gore himself, as I afterward heard, had telegraphed to my people from Marseilles—a characteristic message that must have astonished the recipients:

Your young devil is with me.
—Vincent Gore.

I don't know how other people feel about these things, but to me there has always been a fascination about certain parts of physical geography—latitudes, longitudes, tropics, Arctic and Antarctic circles, points of the compass, the equator. I should never have any respect for the man who was heard "to speak disrespectfully of the equator."

I said as much to Gore one night when we were running through a sea of hot, black oil, down toward the Java coast. I thought he would have laughed—but he did not. He only took another pull at the extraordinary Burma cheroot he was smoking—a thing as big as a ruler—and said:

"I know, boy. There is something in the words that goes to your head. You run down the Bay of Biscay into the flirtings out of the forties, and you feel there's an adventure in that; and you say to yourself that the South is waiting just round the corner, and the word sounds to you like the name of a girl you love. And you see Africa. It's just a strip of sand and rocky hills, but it makes your heart jump, because Africa is—well, Africa. There are no words for these things; but men have shed their blood for them, and they'll go on shedding it.

"AND you get to the Line, and it seems glorious to you—just an imaginary division of the sea. The East—every one talks about the fascination of the East. You thought you knew all about that. But then there's another East, further away, and that seems as delightful as that was empty. The forms of things on the map fascinate you like pictures. You can read an atlas for hours. When there's a dotted line anywhere, or a blank space, you want so much to go there that it makes your mind ache."

"I think you're a wizard, sir," I said, staring at him. For, indeed, he had spoken out my very inner mind.

"Not a wizard, young Paul, only a man who's been there too," said Gore.

There was something I liked in his face. You would never have thought he had it in him to swear at you violently in four languages when you let his papers get watery.

"Ah, but you—" I began.

"Same breed," said Gore, tucking the big cigar into the corner of his mouth. "We're all one family, young Paul. You and I and Stanley and Burton and Sven Hedin and all of them. Any one of us would give up our lives for a river, or make love to a mountain range. Or we'd serve seven years, and seven years after that, for Rachel in the shape of a trifle that nobody'd ever heard of. No sense in it, boy, so far as we're concerned. Means a couple of letters after your name when you're growing old, and a flock of geese a-cackling over your little bit of work and saying you never did it. Means fevers and dirt and general uncomfortableness, short commons and that sort of thing. Spear or an arrow into you once in a way. Get three quarters drowned now and again, get wrecked—beastly things, wrecks, except in boys' books. No comfort, no wife, no home. I'd tell you to stop while you can—only that was before you lashed in the head of my valet and came aboard. You'll never stop now. You're one of us. God help you."

"There's nothing in the world I'd rather be," I said.

After that night I think we both understood our fortunes were linked by a stronger bond than that of a salary and service. We were one breed.

BY this time he had told me where we were going, and I could have danced a hornpipe on the deck when I heard it. We were bound for New Guinea—not the comparatively settled and civilized area of British Papua, but the wild, unsettled northern coasts and the archipelagos of little-known islands that lay beyond—Kaiser Wilhelm Land, the Bismarcks, the Solomons. There was nothing in all our baggage that engaged my attention so much, after this, as the great, finely lettered atlas with its satisfying maps of every corner of the earth. I studied Borneo, Celebes, Halmahera, Banda, Amboyna, Ceram, the Aru Islands, all the outliers of New Guinea, the great island continent itself. I glanted over the famous names that lay thick along its coasts—Geelvink, Sebouten, Tasman, Le Maire, D'Entrecasteaux—and mentally shook my fist at the vandalism of the hideous titles along the German section—such names as Potsdamhafen, Stephan-

Continued on page 16

The Secret Word

By JAMES HAY, Jr.

IN every embassy in Europe, and at our own capital, trained men work often late into the night laboriously deciphering messages that to the uninitiated appear as meaningless as the mutterings of an idiot. What are these secret codes in which the great powers communicate with one another? How are they constructed? What means are taken to safeguard them? What would happen if the code of one nation fell into the possession of another? These questions, interesting at any time, have a special interest to-day.

THE United States government employs probably more different kinds of codes than any other power. The State Department has one of its own. The War Department has one. And the Navy uses a separate and distinct system. The code-book or key of the Navy cipher is kept always in a canvas bag, which is lined with zinc and heavily weighted. The bag is in the personal custody of the commanding officer of the ship, who has orders never to let it get away from him, but to throw it overboard in the event of capture by an enemy. The advent of wireless telegraphy has made this precaution doubly necessary; for the solution of an enemy's cipher in time of war might easily turn the scales of victory.

The only naval code-book ever captured by an enemy was the one carried by the Chesapeake in the War of 1812. The commander of the Chesapeake, Captain Lawrence, was wounded early in the battle, and no one else knew where the code-book was kept. When the frigate surrendered the British found the code behind a sliding panel, and the book is now in the British Museum.

The cipher of the War Department is very simple in its nature, and by virtue of this simplicity, ease of operation, inscrutability, and rapidity with which a new key can be substituted, is said to hold first place among the military ciphers of the world. Army officers who have used other codes say that none of them compares to this one.

This cipher may, in a general way, be described as an ingenious method of distorting the order of words in a message and further obscuring the meaning by the systematic introduction of irrelevant words and meaningless names. The variety of distortions is great, and whenever a copy of the cipher is captured another cipher can be communicated in a very short time to all those who should have it.

WHILE nobody could tell you to-day the code used by any power in transmitting important and vital news and instructions, some of the more ordinary ciphers have been discovered. For instance, one of the simplest of all official ciphers is that used by the British foreign office for the transmission of comparatively unimportant messages; the cipher being too well known to risk detection when there is much at stake.

The letters of the alphabet are arranged in the form of a square:

	1	2	3	4	5
a	b	c	d	e	1
f	g	h	i	j	2
k	l	m	n	o	3
p	q	r	s	t	4
u	v	w	x	y	5

Each letter is then represented by two numerals; thus A would be 11; D would be 41; R would be 34; and so on. The letter Z, which has to be omitted from the cipher because of the fact that there are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, is represented by 6; while the same symbol is used to separate words.

Thus, in "Rush arms to Zanzibar" the cipher would be:

34154432611343344054530011430422111 34.

This cipher has the advantage of almost infinite variety, as by changing the arrangement of the numerals one may easily baffle a chance recipient of the message; while the person for whom the cipher is intended would have no trouble in reading it.

Great Britain has a system of secret signaling that reminds one of the inventions found in the "thriller" and the dime novel. In order to prevent any person but the owner from using the card of the King's Messenger—the well known Order of the Greyhound—that government makes use of a modification of the method perfected by Count de Vergennes, Minister for Foreign Affairs under Louis XVI.

A messenger's card, for example, may read:

WILLIAM HALSEY THAYER, E. M.

That is all that appears to the eye of the uninitiated. But in order to render it almost impossible for an impostor to use the card there are a number of details that must not be overlooked.

In the first place, the age of the person to whom the card was originally issued is expressed by the shape of the card. If circular, he is under 25; oval, between 25 and 30; octagonal, between 30 and 40; hexagonal, between 40 and 50; square, between 50 and 60; oblong, over 60.

Two lines beneath the name, apparently placed there for decorative purposes only, serve as a *portrait parlant* of the original bearer. If he is tall and lean, the lines are wavy and parallel; tall and stout, they converge; short and thin, straight parallel lines; short and thickset, straight converging lines; and so on.

The expression of the face is shown by a tiny bouquet in the corner of the card. A rose designates an open and amiable countenance; a tulip indicates that the bearer is pensive and heavy featured; a lily that he is fair; a thistle that he is dark; the presence or absence of a ribbon to bind the bouquet together will show whether the bearer is bearded or clean shaven.

By taking into consideration these and other similar trifles, the card of a King's Messenger is practically a personal identification of the rightful bearer, and can hardly be used by any but the one to whom it was originally issued.

OUR first record of the use of a secret code in the United States was when Silas Deane, the first secret agent of the State Department, was sent abroad by the first Continental Congress to sound France's attitude with respect to the Colonies and to purchase supplies for the use of the Revolutionary army. Deane made use of an invisible ink for his communications, and there is on file at the State Department now a letter written by him to John Jay in the early part of the Revolution.

On the upper part of a large sheet of paper is written in ordinary ink a letter to "John Jay, Esqr., Attorney at Law, New York City." This letter reads:

DEAR SIR,—I have now to inform you of my safe arrival at this place after a passage of thirty-two days from Martinico, and am so extremely weak that I am scarcely able to hold my pen, yet could not let this opportunity slip of letting you know where I am and that I have a prospect of recovering, for though weak my fever and cough have left me entirely. There is not much news here, and if there was, I should not dare to write it, as that might intercept the letter if taken. My compliments to all my friends.

Yours, TIMOTHY JONES.

This epistle, written in a flowing hand, covers half of the sheet of paper. On the other half appears, in ink made visible by the application of proper chemicals, the following message, written small:

I shall send you in October, clothing for 30,000 men, 30,000 fusils, one hundred tons of powder, two hundred brass cannon, twenty-four brass mortars, with shells, shot, lead, etc., in proportion. I am to advise you that if in future you will give commissions to seize Portuguese ships, you may depend on the alliance and friendship of Spain. Let me have this measure; nothing may be lost by it, much may be gained. Increase, at all events, your navy. I will procure, if commissioned, any quantity of sail-cloth and cordage. A general war is undoubtedly at hand in Europe and consequently America will be safe, if you battle the arts and arms of the two Howes during the summer. Everyone here is in your favor. Adieu. I will write again next week. SILAS DEANE.

Congress responded by authorizing the purchase of the blankets, clothing, munitions of war, and the like, and these were shipped on armed vessels that afterward entered the United States service.

THE manner in which the French first gained possession of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine through the use of a preconcerted cipher, apparently meaningless, is interesting in view of the war in Europe, as well as being an important historical instance of the value of cipher signals of all kinds.

In 1680, when Marquis de Louvois was French Minister of War under Louis XIV, he summoned before him a man of the name of De Chamilly and instructed him to go to Basel, Switzerland, and, on the fourth day thence, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to station himself on the bridge over the Rhine with pad, ink, and pen.

"Watch all that takes place," directed the Minister of War, "and make a memorandum of everything, no matter how trivial. Continue to do this for two hours. At four o'clock remount your horse and return here as quickly as possible. Bring your notes directly to me, no matter what time of the day or night you arrive."

De Chamilly obeyed. On the day appointed he stationed himself on the bridge and began to make notes of everything that transpired. Page after page he covered with his fine script. Three o'clock chimed from the cathedral tower. Exactly on the last stroke a tall man in yellow waistcoat and breeches sauntered across the bridge, stopping in the center to strike three hearty blows with his staff on the railing. This, together with the other details, went down in De Chamilly's book. When four o'clock sounded he leaped upon his horse and galloped off toward Paris, feeling rather ashamed that he had nothing more important to report.

The messenger returned to the French capital in the middle of the night; but he went at once to De Louvois, who glanced eagerly through his notes until he came to the mention of the yellow-breeched man. The Minister of War then rushed to the King's chamber, awoke Louis, and obtained his signature to a document already prepared. Four couriers were immediately despatched to Strasburg. Eight days later the town was entirely surrounded by French troops. It surrendered on September 30, 1681.

The three taps of the staff on the railing of the bridge were the preconcerted signals of the success of an intrigue between De Louvois and the magistrates of Strasburg, and the man who struck the blows was as ignorant of their meaning as was De Chamilly of the reason for his mission.

The seizure of Strasburg received formal recognition at the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, and France continued to hold the city and the surrounding country until it was wrested from her by the Germans after the Franco-Prussian War.

A simple and ingenious naval cipher was invented by Captain Charles Morris for the use of the American Navy during the War of 1812, and has been utilized by the Navy Department, with modifications, ever since—even after the introduction of wireless telegraphy did away to a great extent with the use of signal flags. The principle is applicable alike to flag ciphers or numerical ciphers transmitted by telegraph or wireless.

Captain Morris, in a hand-written signal book bound by him in 1811, stated:

A circumstance may sometimes render it desirable to change the signification of the flags or the numbers expressed by them. The following method should therefore be adopted:

Let each day of the week be inserted in the signal book opposite a number. To each of these days affix a certain number, which is always to be communicated orally under charge of secrecy, that no enemy or improper person can become acquainted with it. The following list is an example.

Sunday	(add)	3
Monday		5
Tuesday		7
Wednesday		8
Thursday		6
Friday		4
Saturday		2

Before commencing your communication insert the number corresponding to the day you wish to use. This will signify to the person who is to read the signal that he is to add the number corresponding to that day to all signals that may be made. The person sending the signal will subtract the same number from all signals. By this means an enemy's knowledge of your ordinary signals might really be converted to his disadvantage, instead of the benefit which he might promise himself from them.

The use of a similar idea, with the intention of misleading the enemy, is recorded in the history of the Russo-Japanese War. The Japanese, in compiling their secret cipher, constructed it in such a manner that a very slight change might exactly reverse the supposed meaning of the code messages. A copy of this "official" code, without the explanatory clause, was then allowed to fall into the hands of the Russians, who naturally misinterpreted a number of important messages mistakenly.

ONE of the best examples of an apparently innocuous cipher was that employed in the time of Cromwell, when Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished Cavalier, was made prisoner and looked up in Colchester Castle. Sentence of death had been passed upon the royalist and he was awaiting its fulfilment when his jailer entered and handed him a letter, with the assurance that its contents had been carefully examined before it was allowed to be delivered. By the light of the lamp that the jailer held for him Sir John read:

Worthie Sir John:—Hope, that is ye best comfort of ye afflicted, cannot much, I fear, help you now. That I would say to you in this only: if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking me. 'Tis not much that I can do; but what I can do, bee you very sure I willo. I hope that, if dethe comes, it ordinary men fear it, it frights not you, accounting it a high honour, to have such a rewarde for your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this bitter cup. I fear not that you will prove any sufferings; only if ye submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, is there for you anything that you wolde have done.

General goes back on Wednesday. Reckon your servant to command. K. P.

This letter having been composed according to a preconcerted cipher, every third letter after a punctuation mark was to be read. In this way Sir John made out:

Panel at east end of chapel slides.

That night the prisoner requested the privilege of spending a few moments in solitary prayer in the chapel. The favor was granted—and when the Roundheads came to take him back to his cell the chapel was empty!

HELEN HOLMES was angry when this ride was over. It wasn't the danger—she was used to danger; but for three days after the picture was taken she was violently sensick because of the horrible motion of the driving shaft to which she was tied. You see, it isn't danger she minds; it's just plain discomfort.

THEY might ask you to do this, if you stayed around a studio looking for a job as an extra. The man did not mind it very much, as he is a trained acrobat; but the girl was not keen about the stunt that the director ordered. She went ahead and did it, and the camera recorded it. There was no fake, although there was a net to catch them had they failed to make connections. Eddie Polo was the acrobat; the picture, "The Broken Chain."

Things You Might Have to Do If You Acted in Moving Pictures

THE actor in this drama died. The director sent him up in an aëroplane to stage a fight with a dummy aëroplane during the making of a war film. A treacherous air current tipped him over and his machine dropped. He was instantly killed.

WHEN the machine got to this point the actor decided to jump. Behind the car you can see a cloud of dust which indicates the speed at which the automobile was traveling when it made its sensational leap into the river.

THE camera man kept on turning his crank. Every one else was truly frightened; for Irene Hunt, in the water, was really on the verge of drowning, because her "daring rescuer" was not a very good swimmer. The director of "A Floating Call" had to use him, and Miss Hunt, true actress, took the chance. Yet the picture was not an extraordinary one scenically, and the job was just an every-day one.

WAS this picture faked? We hope so. Hank Mann had to have not only a pleasant look on his face, but a comic one also, for the picture was slapstick and the laugh was all important. The director feels that anything to get a laugh is justifiable.

THIS woman has a big truck farm in Sussex, and now has to do her own plowing, since the drain upon the manhood of rural England has been so great. The few men who are left are mostly employed in the ammunition factories. Last April, also, the British Cabinet offered employment to women in the various branches of the British Government service in all positions held by men of military age.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

BEFORE the war this beautiful Austrian valley, the Valle Ampezzo, was one of the favorite summer resorts of the Italian diplomats; for a few days it was the center of the Italian warfare. The Austrian peasant is naturally a free, peace-loving individual, without the slightest animosity toward the Allies. He goes about this "business of killing" as a disagreeable but temporary incident, and yearns to be done with it all, and at home.

THE suffering in Poland probably exceeds any in the war districts. For two weeks at one time Lodz was without any bread at all, and has been without meat for months. Most of the city people worked in mills owned by French or German capitalists, under local management; and these managers paid them two and one half to three cents a day. Things are better in the country, for last year's potato crop was unusually large—enough to keep the country girls busy.

THE wives of Berlin street-car conductors always have first chance at their husbands' jobs when the men have gone to the war. The burgomaster of the city said that Germany could never accomplish anything without the assistance of its women. Officials in Germany—and elsewhere—have and always shown so chivalrous a regard for the other sex. The war has, at least, brought home to the warring nations a new sense of the value and importance of their mothers and wives.

AMONG the other occupations that have fallen to women in these days, "mauling" a fishing fleet is one of the strangest; but it doesn't phase these Welsh women. In fact, the war has proved that women can do anything if they have to; apparently they could run the world, if necessary, without any help from men. In London one woman has taken charge of a motor garage, and there are plenty of women motor mechanics, veterinary surgeons, and bank-clerks.

Could Women R
Without

Apparently no work is too strang

JUNE by these cheerful lads learning a new and more useful trade is one of the English women's movements that have been organized in England with the permission of the Women's Reserves for Home Defense

THESE Belgian girls work in the ruins under the supervision of German military work. It is charged that the industrial workers in Belgium are as closely guarded by the Germans as a prison, and that the workers, underfed, are driven to their tasks. The Germans deny this.

IN Germany proper only the upper classes are allowed to wear mourning, and any public exhibition of grief meets immediate rebuke but the women of Budapest are less restrained. Every day they crowd to the bulletin-boards where the lists of dead are posted.

QUEEN Wilhelmina's grandmother she was said to have left to take her place as the bride that she were here left. It is said that our own Queen Victoria was wrung by the women and the harrowing murderers. England, if she would, will owe a great debt to the women with pitchforks.

SOME Russian women have not been content merely to busy themselves with the farm-work as this woman is doing many young girls have actually dressed in boys' clothing and enlisted with the volunteers. Among the wounded in the battle of Warsaw was found a beardless shouldered, vigorous girl only sixteen years old

Run the World t Men?

rd for them in the warring countries

AT the very beginning of the war Lenore Ulrich addressed an appeal to the women of France. "The able stands were not put in vain," she said. "I appeal to your handsome soul to that of your children, whose age alone not there courage, withhold them from the battlefield. I ask you to finish this year a harvest You can not render a greater service to your country." In spite of the lack of men, the harvests in more than the European country are greater than last year

No Inspiration in Cooking for Americans

He spends something like $1,000 a month for food. He is the most important person on any hotel.

YOU never see him, and probably you don't know his name, but he is the most important person on any hotel. His value to a hotel is a matter kept secret between himself and [illegible] agent. He is the highest-priced man in the employ of Broadway's most languished-for matinée idol, and has the added advantage of [illegible] the year round [illegible] than that, for a manager does not change his chef [illegible] in twenty years if he can help it.

A good chef is not only [illegible] a composer of [illegible] in food, but he is the chief executive of the [illegible] kitchen [illegible] of also a small army of assistant chefs [illegible] pastry and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the planking of [illegible] without it they [illegible] miserably into ob-[illegible]

[illegible] famous housewife from Bangor to San Diego does at approximately the same hour, "first thing in the morning," the chef goes through his refrigerators. Ten o'clock sees him back at his desk, completely surrounded by order books. Requisitions are there from the pastry chef the head baker the vegetable cook the head butcher and the [illegible] he must check up to [illegible] compare them with the list of materials on hand, and [illegible] what is needed for the carrying out of the menus he has planned. At noon he hands over his gigantic order book to the steward, who does the buying. Thus in the average New York hotel it is the chef who every month disburses something like $15,000 for meat, $6,000 for poultry [illegible],000 for vegetables, $2,500 for fruit, $1,500 for milk and cream, $2,000 for eggs [illegible]

Big Salaries, but Less Appreciation

[illegible] one thanks only of the salary it is better to be a chef in America than in the Con-[illegible]

But the Frenchmen in our [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

When the Siren Shrieked

By FRANK X. FINNEGAN

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

FROM the spot on the river bank where the camp had been pitched the great gray wall of the penitentiary with its ominous looking sentry boxes in the corner turrets, could be plainly seen.

Weaver had growled and grumbled about the camping place and the proximity of the gloomy old prison from the moment the site had been selected; but he was overruled three to one. Harrington, who had fished the river for five [illegible] was the originator, mainstay and moving spirit of the trip, declared the spot ideal from every viewpoint, and he was enthusiastically upheld by Hollis and Reynolds, who knew the feel of a rod point far more intimately than that of a fishing rod.

"This unfounded prison gives me the creeps every time I look at it," Weaver said, as they sat around the fire on the second night.

"Don't look at it," Hollis cheerfully suggested. "That's the obvious way out of that trouble, Billy."

"I can't help it," Weaver rejoined, jabbing fiercely at his pipe bowl with a twig. "The place seems to have a fascination for me. When you fellows went away this afternoon I thought I was going to sit in [illegible] and do a whale lot of reading and give it [illegible] st up, but during from the book over to that wall, and I'd sit there wondering about the fellows inside it and what they were doing and how they were feeling about it. It's fierce."

"I wonder if any of them ever break out?" Hollis said jokingly.

"Oh, once in a while," Harrington returned. "Do they ever nearly all make good within a day or two. I've heard within thirty miles of this prison, and I've heard of just two attempts at escape in that time."

"Did they get both of 'em?" Hollis asked.

"I think so. I know they got one," Harrington returned. "He came so near to pulling it over that it almost seems a shame he didn't make it. He was sent down into the prison sewer one day with [illegible] one of the guards went down there to watch the gang, and this Dan [illegible] decided to make a break for it by crawling [illegible] pipe to [illegible] and was found to be one man shy the officials didn't know who her Dancy was that the big siren whistle sounded when a prisoner escapes, and everybody [illegible] be on the [illegible] But the warden [illegible] the prison compound [illegible] any [illegible] there was a chance that Dan[illegible] jammed in the sewer so he [illegible]

"They wasted an hour or so looking around, and in the meantime Dancey was making his way through the woods toward Douglasville. There's a hunting club's shack over here. There's a boat and a pair of [illegible] got on the shooting jacket and a pair of khaki trousers out of a locker, took a cap off a peg where some one had hung it [illegible] and was fixed. He [illegible] lled into Douglasville [illegible]

"HOW did they get him?" Reynolds interrupted.

"Well, the way they got him above all [illegible] incidents big events often [illegible] thing has [illegible] Dan[illegible] conductor happened to live in Douglasville. He opened the door a moment after Dancey got on, and thinking he might be a neighbor who wanted to ride a few [illegible] invited him inside. [illegible] ey stepped inside, and [illegible] things began to happen. The conductor not only lived in Douglasville, but he was a member of that hunting club, and he happened [illegible] the cap Dancey was [illegible] st day Dancey was back in the chair shop, and four convicts were filling iron bars across the mouth of the sewer at the river front."

[illegible] ng at the glowing embers beneath the crackling logs. "He should have got away. He was entitled to it after making a try like that."

"Tough nothing!" answered Weaver. "What are you talking about? The man was a convicted criminal serving a sentence after having had a fair trial. I never had any patience with this unwholesome sympathy over convicts. If they hadn't broken the law they wouldn't be where they are and they're getting no more than they deserve, as a rule."

"Yes, that's all very well," Harrington [illegible] "but somehow the disposition of [illegible] every man [illegible] an escaping convict to get away. He's a [illegible] wretch that's just managed to squeeze [illegible] her or surely, and it goes not [illegible] d with the average man to help put [illegible]

[illegible] glared around at the [illegible] it wouldn't with me," he declared. "I wouldn't take any chances on my own safety understand, but if I had a gun near me I'd hold tight on any convict that I saw trying to escape, [illegible] minds about it!"

[illegible] knocked the ashes [illegible] ing his [illegible] he said. "I'm afraid that lame foot of yours [illegible] angelic disposition, Billy. I'm going to turn in."

Weaver was forced to play home guard at the camp again the next day when a long tramp after partridges was on the programme. The [illegible] some foot that had kept him close to the tents for two days served warning [illegible] ing through the woods was still out of the question, and he faced the situation [illegible] fully with a couple of books as [illegible] console him.

When the others [illegible] the rustic seat Rey[illegible] from boughs and branches and settled himself to read in a comfortable spot under a [illegible]

The breeze that presaged the coming of evening was fairly stirring [illegible] and it was when Weaver [illegible] that he [illegible] on the bushes at his right. There movement there, a slight rustling and stirring that betokened the presence of something alive. He had placed a shotgun beside his chair in the faint hope that a partridge or a squirrel might blunder within range. Now he noiselessly laid down his book and picked up his gun [illegible] ng a wary eye on the [illegible] would probably be a partridge, thought, as he brought the gun to bear on the spot and [illegible] What a joke it would [illegible] hunters who had walked miles in search [illegible] ould only bring one down at [illegible]

[illegible] of leaves and branches continued for a few seconds. Then the [illegible] mountings a shapeless mass looked out at him and a strangling, inhuman voice gasped:

"Don't shoot, Billy! It's Harry!"

WEAVER started to his feet, trembling [illegible] for of the face before him he recognized [illegible] He [illegible] he whispered hoarsely. "My [illegible] Harry! What are you [illegible] criminal! A convict!"

The other darted forward the instant the gun was lowered. "Are you alone here?" he demanded, peering round at the tents. "I haven't time to tell you about it [illegible] boy'll be after me any minute. I just got out of that hell over there—you'll have to help me get away, Billy. You'll have to, do you hear? Never mind about what's over and done; let bygones be bygones. You'll have to get [illegible] clothes instead of these rags—that's what I was creeping up here through the bushes for. And then I saw you sitting here alone, and I knew it was all right."

His words poured over one another in a torrent. Weaver, slowly recovering from the first shock, looked at him fixedly. "What did you do that brought you behind the bars at last?" he demanded.

"Never mind about that now, Billy," he fugitive pleaded, glancing over his shoulder. "There isn't time! They'll miss me any minute and get after me. Don't be afraid," he went on, watching the hard light in his brother's eyes. "It wasn't murder. It was only a mining stock deal, and at that I wasn't guilty. The other fellow got away with all the coin and left me holding the bag."

Weaver suddenly caught a hint of the panic that was in his brother's tone and manner.

"Come into the tent," he said shortly. "You'd better be out of sight anyhow."

The young fellow darted under the canvas like a gray streak and Weaver followed him stumblingly. His mind was in a whirl. What to do? What to do!

"You've got something here I

A strangling, unhuman voice gasped. "Don't shoot, Billy! It's Harry!"

and put on, haven't you?" the boy asked. "I've got to get out of these things first. And I'll never go back alive, Billy! If they get to me here, I'll shoot a couple of 'em with one of those guns before they finish me."

He was stripping off the prison garb as he spoke. On the cot beside him lay a pair of khaki trousers, and as he caught them up gleefully Weaver thought of the story of Dancey, which a fresh pang of shame and horror that it should so soon have come home to him. "These will do," the fugitive whispered. "Now get me some sort of coat."

"Wait a minute," his brother said slowly. "I want to know about this thing, Harry. Remember I haven't seen you for five years, and I may never see you again. What was it brought you to this? What have you been doing?"

"I'll have to cut it short, Billy," the youngster said. "Every minute counts. We've got to get away. Bad I am gone. I came out West here when I left home and did one thing and another to make a living. And I made it again, Billy.

"Well, I finally met a fellow named Findlay, who ran a brokerage business, a sort of bucket-shop. I used to go there to make a little piking bets on stock, and we got pretty well acquainted. One day he offered me a job with him and I went in. After a while he got hold of a lot of mining stock and we advertised and sold it.

"I got a salary and a commission on what I sold—you know the game. Well, the smash-up came when a lot of them went to the prosecuting attorney and found out the stock was no good. Findlay and I were indicted. He skipped out with all the money in sight. But they got me all right. I didn't even have enough money to hire a lawyer. The jury found me guilty. I expected about three months in the county jail—and the Judge gave me seven years in the pen! Can you imagine that, Billy? Seven years! And Findlay got away!"

"That was a severe sentence, Harry."

"Seven years for being a clerk in a broker's office! That was two years ago. Every minute since that I wasn't asleep I've been thinking about getting away and finally my chance came. The warden put me to work under the electrician a month or so ago. There's a big electric blower in the wall at the end of a corridor on the second floor that draws a fresh air for the cell house—and this fan, mind you, isn't surrounded by the wall. It faces the open air.

"Yesterday the fan broke down and two of us were the electrician to fix it. We took it out of the wall and from the platform we were working on I could look out at the trees and the river. I was dizzy for open door, Billy, and I saw my chance. It was only twenty feet to the ground and while the electrician left me alone a few minutes this morning I twisted some wire into a rope and wrapped it around my waist under my clothes.

"This afternoon he left me working on the broken armature while he went to get some tools. That was the chance I had been waiting two years for.

"As soon as he was down the stairs I got out my wire rope, fastened one end to the platform, threw out the other, and slid down. That's the whole story. Bill. And I ought to be moving."

As Weaver finished all his worries for the prosecution of society seemed to crumble away.

He suddenly turned on his hand to the crouching figure on the cot beside him. "I've had enough talk, old boy," he said, "but this is your chance to beat it and we'll make up for it."

"I knew you'd stick up for me, Billy," the fugitive said brokenly as he clasped the proffered hand. "even though you don't know what it means to go through hell."

He never hurried quickly to his trunk and drew out a shooting coat and cap—and again he told the story of Dancey's escape to Weaver. "Put those on and move lively, Harry," he said. "The boys are out after partridges—they'll be coming back any minute now." From a corner of the tent he threw a pair of high-laced hunting boots. "And here's those," he went on with growing excitement. "Then you'll pass for a hunter or anything."

He looked round the camp.

"Take this gun and a pocketful of shells," he said, thrusting the weapon into his brother as the latter rose after fastening the boots. "Here is my hunter's license—you can pass for me if you get into any argument. Now, look here, I must get back to my work—I'll give you money enough to get to the railroad station as quick as you can. Harry, Harry, for God's sake, be careful, old boy. Write me when you get home in a week."

He had dashed a lantern out of the door of the tent before he heard the voices of the returning hunters, and the sudden appearance of the prisoner followed by the sudden and startling shriek of the siren whistle at the power-house. The escape had been discovered. The guard was coming slowly forward to meet his friends.

"Well, you fellows must have got all the birds in the county," he began, and stopped short. There were four men in the group approaching the camp, and the fourth was a prisoner, his hands bound behind him and shotguns trained upon his back.

"What's all right, Weaver?" Harrington called anxiously out of the gloom. "Think so? We were afraid this fellow might be up to something."

Weaver advanced a step or two, his face a quaking homage to his self-control. He could see Harrington and dropped his hand. "What is it, Harrington? What's the matter?"

"We found your hunting license in his pocket so we were afraid he might have murdered you when you were asleep. He's the convict that the whistle just sounded for, of course. What the devil does it all mean, Weaver?"

"I haven't said a word," the youngster muttered, taking another step nearer his brother. "I—I'll go back if you say so."

Weaver pulled himself together. "It's no use my trying to fool you, Harrington," he said. "I—I never thought you'd be right—he's the escaped convict."

Harrington lowered his gun. The fellows exchanged glances of bewilderment.

"Your brother, Bill?" a voice called out. "Why, well, that puts a different face on things, doesn't it?"

"Do you mean that, sir?" Weaver asked eagerly. "Would you—would you really help me? The boy isn't a criminal, I—I swear he isn't. He was a young stock dealer, an unfortunate for fraud and no money for lawyers. And I—I know he was innocent. This country, or I should have helped him. And now—and now—"

His voice faltered. Harrington saw that he was on the verge of tears in the excitement of the moment.

"That's all right, Billy," he said. "None of us took what you said seriously—and here's the best proof that you didn't yourself. You're right about the boy being safer here to-night—we'll turn in with us after a while, and in the morning you 'better see him to the railroad."

"That's the idea," Reynolds urged. "Cheer up, Bill. And, by the way, why not introduce your brother and we'll all have supper."

Slowly Weaver put out a hand to each of the trio, and as they grasped hands the tears that had been welling up in his eyes suddenly overflowed. He dashed them angrily away.

"Confound it! What do you think of this?" he exclaimed. "I'm just dadfire out what a blamed old fool I am, and here I'm crying like a woman. When I get back to Chevelly I'm going to have my head examined—I've been in better shape."

Dancey—sent an body pass this way in the last hour or two, have you?

"Harrington, boys, supper is ready. Let's get busy!" Harrington exclaimed loudly and amid the cheerful rattle of the dishes and utensils to which he and his companions applied themselves ensued two prison guards exchanged glances in the light of the lantern light outside the tent.

"Hello there, you fellows," one of them called, thrusting his head in and looking around at the others. "Haven't seen anybody pass this way in the last hour or two, have you?"

They stopped to look at him in apparent surprise. Young Weaver bending over the trunk from which he was removing his bedding and clothing—stopped and gave just a rifle toward the open flap of the tent just enough to show one of his brother's corduroy shooting coats—and there was an instant's silence in the dim light.

"Seen anybody? How do you mean?" Harrington returned. "I don't think I have any one but us in these woods—at least I haven't seen them, at least—"

"I don't mean hunters," the fellow snarled. "A convict escaped from the prison has been making about a hot time. Didn't you hear the whistle blow?"

"Oh, yes. Is that what all the noise was about?" Hollis interposed. "I thought it was a fire somewhere. So a convict got away, eh?"

"Yes. We'll probably get him before long," the guard returned. "We always do. Keep an eye out for him around in these woods, though. You fellows have all got guns—you might get him, and there's a fifty dollars reward if you bring him in."

He and his grim looking companion backed out of the lamplight and felt their way to the trail again on a quest they knew was well nigh hopeless in the dark.

When the last sounds of their departure had been dead for some moments young Weaver rose tremblingly and turned to the men around the table. "That was mighty white of you fellows," he murmured. "I won't forget this as long as I live. If I get clear of this—"

His brother interrupted by clapping him on the shoulder. "That's all right, Harry," he said. "These men are my friends. Now you know what it is for a man to have friends. You've seen it work out under your own eyes. They didn't owe this good to me so much as they did to you. In fact, they had all promised it to you if the chance came their way."

The boy stared at him incomprehensibly. "Promised to me?" he repeated.

"Yes. This is scene of fire for you, Harry," his brother returned. "I was the one of the party who was strong for capturing an escaped convict and putting him back behind the bars. And now—and now—"

His voice faltered. Harrington saw that he was on the verge of tears in the excitement of the moment.

"That's all right, Billy," he said. "None of us took what you said seriously—and here's the best proof that you didn't yourself. You're right about the boy being safer here to-night—we'll turn in with us after a while, and in the morning you 'better see him to the railroad."

"That's the idea," Reynolds urged. "Cheer up, Bill. And, by the way, why not introduce your brother and we'll all have supper."

Slowly Weaver put out a hand to each of the trio, and as they grasped hands the tears that had been welling up in his eyes suddenly overflowed. He dashed them angrily away.

"Confound it! What do you think of this?" he exclaimed. "I'm just dadfire out what a blamed old fool I am, and here I'm crying like a woman. When I get back to Chevelly I'm going to have my head examined—I've been in better shape."

No One Dares Call Her a Coppette

One of the unpleasant duties of a policewoman is dealing properly with a "fresh guy"

She is six feet four inches tall and weighs two hundred.

Miss Payson enjoys that part of her day's work which brings lost children to her care.

IF you were six feet and four inches tall, and weighed two hundred and four pounds, and worked in a millinery shop, wouldn't you jump at the chance of being a special policewoman? You would if you lived in California, where the women are accustomed to doing unusual things.

So it is that Miss Bess Ingman Payson of the Joy Zone, where the fun concessions are, at the Exposition in San Francisco. She does work pearl in the tall of her sister, the sporting girl of a previous century. And she has made good in this new capacity. She has made the Zone a better place for women and girls to live and work in. Her personality has been a main possibly equal to, if not a help instead of a handicap.

She Designed Her Own Uniform Herself

SHE made her special policewoman of the Joy Zone, where the fun concessions are, at the Exposition in San Francisco. She does work pearl in the tall of her sister, the sporting girl of a previous century. And she has made good in this new capacity. She has been a main possibly equal to, if not a help instead of a handicap.

She designed her own uniform. It is a long frock of dark blue serge and knickerbockers such as are worn by women who ride a riding costume today, and a natty cap. She is a real attraction on her beat, and she maintains order.

The rowdies that infest every place where people gather for fun are on the Zone too, but they have learned to respect the woman cop. No one has yet dared to insult her or to show disrespect. She says that girls are not half so bad as they are painted. She has a woman's point of view of the matter. He gets an occasional sympathy at her hands. He behaves or is thrown out.

The other afternoon, in one of the dance-halls, she noticed a half drunken man who was annoying some girls. She ordered him to quit, but he didn't. Then she took him by the collar and ushered him out. He picked himself up and glared at her and said

"There—see what comes of giving a woman a club. She uses it!"

Handling fresh guys is not the unpleasant side of Miss Payson's work. The other side, besides that is essentially feminine, is caring for lost children. They often get lost on the Zone, but they have a friend in the policewoman. They rush to her and sob out their woes. Miss Payson has children, and knows how to soothe them and amuse them until the distracted mother appears. She usually takes the child along with her on her beat, as the Zone has no official place for lost children.

Women Ask Her for All Kinds of Advice

ANOTHER point that proves the wisdom of having a woman cop in that timid young women will go to a woman with their troubles when they would not go to a man. And they think. Many a time they have spent their last penny to get a good lunch for a stranger. She always directs them to the Young Women's Christian Association, which has headquarters on the Zone, and

There is girls who do know a lot of parts of the fun zone, as Street of Cairo. Not a day passes but some party of women doesn't ask her to go with them through the Streets of Cairo; they are afraid to go alone, but feel they must have the protection of the policewoman. But the policewoman does make frequent, conducted parties through the Streets of Cairo, or through the International Village in Chinatown, no matter how insistent her demands.

She Believes in Pedestrians' Rights

AND besides all these duties Miss Payson is a traffic cop. She has to see that the electric chairs do not exceed the speed limit, which one jesting soul said was one hundred yards an hour. If the chairs begin to go faster than a walk Miss Payson halts them and they are told to slow down and warned against the danger of dropping wallflowers. The Zone is one place where the rights of the pedestrian come first.

Miss Payson's job is pleasant and fairly easy, for there is little to do really feminine one of selling millinery. She appears to become a regular policewoman after the Exposition is over and is starting to take the civil service examinations. San Francisco has four regular women police, and they are all doing splendid work.

Every day Miss Payson gets letters asking her if she is heart-whole. A fellow policeman expressed the average man's view when he said

"Just think what she could do to a fellow if he came home with a drop too much!"

These Houses Drew Thousands of Spectators

A HOUSE-BUILDING race with some forty workmen on each side was the sporting event in the house-starved community of Binghamton, N. Y., recently.

James E. and Edward S. Chapman, real estate promoters, started the ball rolling. They bought an old fashionable home-stead, secured building permits, and started work on the foundation of a $5,000 eighteen-room hotel on Main Street, across the street from the palatial mansion of Thomas H. Crary.

The State law requires that the consent of the owners of two thirds of the property abutting within three hundred feet must be had before a hotel can be built. The Chapman purchase took in the only residence within the three-hundred-foot limit that Mr. Crary owned but adjoining the hotel property on the west within the limit, and at six o'clock of the same day that the Chapmans had broken ground, plans had been drawn, lumber hauled, three electric arc lights installed, and the erection of a bungalow begun by the indignant millionaire.

The Two Gangs of Workmen Race All Night

THEN the Chapmans changed their plans for a hotel to a small apartment house, large enough to rent at least. The two gangs of workmen raced pretty all night with the understanding that the one finishing the bungalow first would be the victor. The bungalow was finished at four o'clock in the morning and the Chapmans got a permit to occupy it at six. When Mr. Crary got up that morning he found the bungalow complete, and the Chapmans in possession.

These three bungalows in Binghamton, New York, were built inside of twenty-six hours, in order to fight the granting of a saloon license

Mr. Crary then won the first round, because the cafe was not completed until nine o'clock and the bungalow prevented the Chapman from securing the two-thirds consent necessary. Here being now two residences within the limit.

Crary however announced that he would not stop and that he would have bungalows would be completed by eight o'clock the next evening, and that the small shack housing the temporary saw-mill would be turned into a bungalow, if all would be turned into a bungalow.

Mrs. Crary in the Chapmans' [illegible] when signed the consent of the owners, began the [illegible] their property [illegible] and her daughter [illegible] and [illegible] residence were completed [illegible] at [illegible] o'clock and [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Monahan [illegible]

were settled. A one-fourth [illegible] applications for a saloon license [illegible] were refused. [illegible] 304 Main Street [illegible] converted into [illegible] The all [illegible] but one [illegible] other [illegible] within the three-hundred-foot [illegible] complete [illegible] Mr. Crary

The Courts Must Settle It

MR. CRARY'S lawyer then admitted that so far the Chapmans were victors, because the other three Crary bungalows would not be occupied until evening. So now a fight will be made in the courts to determine whether the converted barn is legally a residence, because at the time of the filing of the consent a portion of it was still used as a garage and did not contain the plumbing fixtures necessary for a residence.

Thousands of curious people stayed up all night to watch the house-building race between two gangs of forty workmen each.

Her Journey to

The Girl of the Nutmeg Isle

handed the paper back to me without a word.

I looked at the marked paragraph. It ran as follows:

"Nevertheless, considering the history of these islands, one is compelled to allow that successive waves of immigration, arriving from India, China, and the continent of Africa, have in so far modified the original duel—"

It was my turn to grow red. I felt myself flushing pinker than even Babu had done.

"May one ask," said Gore, in a singularly gentle and agreeable voice, "what duels are doing in this particular galley? I never heard it was a custom of the races under question; but if you have made any new discovery—"

"Paying me a salary doesn't entitle you to make fun of me, sir," I cut in, breathing rather hard.

"No, young devil," said Gore, still in that pleasant voice; "but it does entitle me to notice if you mean to leave."

"I don't mean to—" I began.

"Oh, yes, you do," said Gore. "By the shortest route—home. Now, will you please tell me what you mean by cooking up duels when you are engaged in my service?"

HIS pleasant manner had suddenly flown out of the window, and the last sentence was spoken in a tone that would—I suppose—have scared some people. It was also decorated—considerably. Gore was a remarkable hand at decorated language on occasion.

I said nothing at all. I looked at him.

"You know I can give information to the authorities, and stop it," said Gore.

I said nothing.

"You know I can dismiss you at the first port."

I thought it time to speak.

"You can do all those things," I said. "But you won't, Vincent Gore, because you're not the sort of man, whatever you may say, to stop a fight. Also because I can jolly well guess you've fought duels yourself."

Gore leaned back in his seat and gave vent to one of his appalling shouts of laughter. A scared small steward peeped in at the door, asked feebly if the Herr wanted anything, and scurried away without waiting for an answer.

"Well aimed!" he said. "Sit down and tell me about it."

And I knew that I had won. I may mention here that the "sir" was dropped from that day onward between us.

I told him. He made no comment for a moment, and then asked:

"They are evidently trying to force the challenge from you, so as to deprive you of the choice of weapons. How are you with a pistol?"

"Well, if you want to know, I'm just beautiful," I replied. "I've been a decent shot since ten, and a lovely one since I was twenty."

"Let him do the challenging; he will if you sit tight," observed Gore.

"That's all right; the old gentleman with the face won't stop him," I said. "We understand each other. Hahn is a white man. I wish I could punch his head instead. I'd enjoy it more, somehow."

I WENT out again into the warm wind and the sun, pondering on many things. It seemed to me I had acquired a good deal of food for thought that day already, although it was not yet eleven o'clock.

I was to acquire more. Half an hour afterward, I met my employer coming round a corner with an expression of abject terror on his face.

Sudden death was the smallest thing I thought of. Such ideas as an outbreak of bubonic plague on the ship, a coming typhoon that was bound to wreck us, fire among explosives in the hold, rushed through my mind, it is true, but only to be discarded on the instant. Nothing of that sort would have disturbed Red Bob's equanimity. Then what, in the name of all calamity and disaster, had disturbed it?

My heart, as he came nearer, began to thump like the screw of the steamer. Surely unheard-of things were happening to-day! I saw that Red Bob was gnawing the end of his mustache, and that his eyes looked like the eyes of a cat that is just going to jump out of your arms through the window. I should not have been surprised to see him make a spring over the rail.

"What—" I began rather breathlessly.

"God save us, Corbet!" said the great explorer, almost trembling. "The damned ship is full of damned women!"

"Come into my cabin," was the first thing that occurred to me to say, for I really thought him mad.

He preceded me into the little blue-and-white room, and sat down abruptly, mopping his forehead and looking at me with an expression of dismay. I switched on the electric fan, and under cover of its steady buzz, which insured us against being overheard from the next cabin, asked him:

"Has anything happened?"

GORE was recovering somewhat. He answered peevishly:

"I told you what had happened. The ship is crawling with them. At least, there are three, and that's as good—or as bad—as thirty."

"I never knew you were—at least, on the *Empress*—"

"Give me a drink," interrupted Red Bob.

I poured him a glass of tepid water; he drank it, and went on:

"On the *Empress*, and after, the women, what there were of them, were married, if you'll remember."

I did. The only women passengers from Liverpool to Singapore had been a few wives going to join their husbands. And wives going to join their husbands in Singapore, on the way to Batavia and Macassar, there were no women at all, except a few half castes.

"Don't you like unmarried women?" I asked, still feeling puzzled.

Red Bob poured out and drank another glass.

"I do not—I do not!" he said. "Two of these are married, I believe—a Frau Baumgartner and a Frau Schultz—going to join their husbands in Simpoonhafen. But the third! Young Corbet, for God's sake and your employer's sake, go and flirt with the whole lot till we get there. I believe you're quite capable of it!"

"I don't mind," I said, struggling with a frantic desire to laugh; "but I haven't much leisure time."

"You shall have all you want," declared Gore, leaning back in his seat and watching the blue curtains sway out and in through the yellow circle of the port. "I feel better now. It was the least one did it. She scared the seven senses out of me, up there on the boat-deck just now."

"Would you mind telling me what she did?" I asked.

I would have given the world to be able to explode, like an overcharged soda-water bottle.

"She didn't do anything. She sat and babbled. She saw a hole in my sock where I'd just torn it on a nail, and she put her head on one side and said: 'Oh, Mr. Vincent Gore, what a sad life you must lead, without a woman's hand to attend to these things for you!'"

I was speechless.

He went on:

"And then she said, 'Is there nothing I could do for you?' 'Madam,' I said, 'you could—' But she stopped me, and said with another snigele, 'I'm not madam; I'm miss—I'm a girl!' A girl, and she as old as I am! 'Well, madam, or miss, as you like,' I said, 'you could leave me alone; I want to read.'"

"You didn't!" I interrupted.

"I did," said Gore, with a terrified look. It was too much. I collapsed on my berth, and shrieked, rolling over and over in an agony of mirth.

"I never thought you were afraid of anything," I choked, wiping the tears out of my eyes.

"You thought dashed wrong," replied Gore. "That sort of woman has been the tragedy of my life. Corbet,"—he sat up straight, and his blue eyes dilated into the lakes of fire that best won him his name,—"Corbet, some day a woman like that'll get me, and I won't even have the pluck to hang myself."

"Oh, rats!" I said disrespectfully, rocking to and fro in the anguish of my enjoyment. "A woman can't make a man marry her. Anyhow, I never was afraid of anything that wore a skirt, in all my life."

"Honest Injun?" asked Red Bob, fixing his eyes on me.

"Honest!" I said.

"Shake!" remarked Bob gravely, holding out his hand. "You're a braver man than I am."

"Well, I know what your heel of Achilles is now," I said, getting up and going to the glass.

"What are you after?" asked Gore.

I pulled down my tie and buttoned up my coat.

"Going to talk to the lady," I said.

I was curious to see the woman who had scared Red Bob.

To be continued next week

The Bird that Kicks Like a Mule

There is literally nothing left of the snake that gets into a fight with this bird; for the secretary always eats by bird; for the secretary always eats by swallowing its victim. In South Africa, where the woods are full of snakes, the secretary-bird is greatly beloved.

THE rarest and most valuable birds in the New York Zoological Garden are the strange pair of secretary-birds quartered in the ostrich house. "Secretary-birds" they are called because of the fancy-like crest of long dark plumes that rises from the back of their heads, giving them the appearance of a clerk with a bunch of quill feathers behind his ear. It's an aristocratic name; but the thing that makes the secretary-bird valuable is not his looks. The natives of South Africa love him because he can kick like a mule.

A Fight Between Snake and Bird

TOSS into his cage a snake, no matter how vicious, and the fight begins immediately. The bird cautiously approaches the snake, with wings widespread to escape the sudden lunges by flight if necessary. Once, twice, three times, perhaps, the snake lunges. The bird darts back, waiting his chance. At last it comes, and one of those long, hard legs shoots out like the hoof of a mule, landing squarely on the snake's head. It reels, and falls back stunned, to be knocked out completely by a second blow. And then its victor proceeds to swallow it whole.

In South Africa the birds are regarded as a great protection. They are affectionate mates, and always travel together. When pursued they spread their wings and take off over the ground with the speed of a running horse. This is the first pair to be quartered in our climate. If Saint Patrick had been blessed with half a dozen secretary-birds, his clean-up in Ireland would have been very much easier.

Certificates of Health

FRESH from an ideal factory, woven strong and fine—every garment made by the World's Star Knitting Company is a sample of ideal service in manufacture and marketing.

The line is planned to suit every body from soft, fleecy shirt for Baby to Grandpa's worsted hose. And you save dealer's profits and get personal, guaranteed service.

World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

In Sanitary Packages

Is sold through our special representatives, who are skilled in serving your demands. We fill the order direct with our KLEAN-KNIT, sterilized packages—assuring you germ-proof, sanitary service. This added protection is worth much to health and convenience. It is an exclusive World's Star feature.

Thousands of families are our steady customers, ordering year by year, as World's Star quality. Comfort is in—clinging as the mode demands yet full of "give," soft, durable and attractive—and it stands shrinkage the rule.

Write for Catalog—FREE

We will tell you how to obtain World's Star goods. Send name, and use coupon with CATALOG indicating whether you want to buy or investigate. Wide range of prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

We Have Been In This Business Here 20 Years.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.

Dept. 406 Bay City, Michigan

World's Star Knitting Co., Dept. 406, Bay City, Mich.
Please send me catalog (Free) of your line.
I am interested in your How to Make Agents proposition. Please send full details of your Agent-Owner Selling Plan.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

"Chase that thirst into its hole with Hires"

Josh Billings

At Fountains or in Bottles at Grocers, Fruit Stands etc.

Given Boys Get This 20-shot PISTOL

Shoots 20 times without reloading. Uses ordinary B. B. shot. Fine blue steel finish, looks like a regular automatic. Send 25c to pay for year's subscription to our magazine and we will send this 20-shot pistol free. This offer made in introduction

EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. A P-61, CHICAGO

Lyon & Healy Harps

Which harp do you wish? A remarkable range of choice in harps is now offered. Lyon & Healy Harp the world's standard of superiority. Wonderful Harp at a popular price. Cash or Instalments. All made in the great factory of Lyon & Healy. Write for particulars and easy payment terms. Write for free book on either of these harps. Sent to you postpaid.

Lyon & Healy, 23-38 E. Adams St., Chicago

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

ALWAYS FRESH

PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

Killed By the Score

That's Black Flag's record in one household week. Insects swarm in, seek food and water, find it, feed, lay eggs, die, and never live to see a second generation. A fine scene in one way.

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED BOTTLES

15, 25 and 50c. EVERYWHERE

BLACK FLAG, 200 West Lombard Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

FREE—Fly Book

ADVERTISING RATES FOR

The Associated Sunday Magazines AND Every Week

COMBINATION RATE

Per agate line	$2.00
Quarter page, 180 lines	475.00
Half page, 360 lines	950.00
Full page, 720 lines	1,900.00
Back cover page, 6 colors	2,250.00
Center double page, black only	3,800.00
Center double page, 2 colors	4,200.00

For Advertising Rates apply to

The Associated Sunday Magazines Incorporated AND Every Week Corporation

95 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

109 NORTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

What We Did to a Fisherman's Hut

The man who owned this house was glad to sell it at a nominal price; he considered it a blot on the landscape.

This is how it looked after it had been made new. A couple of wings were added, a few bath-rooms put in, and it became an American country house.

IF you know what you want, and go after it hard enough, you will usually get it. At least, that has been our experience.

We wanted a house on Long Island. We knew the kind of house we wanted, and how much we had to spend. The amount we had didn't at all correspond with our vision; but we knew we were going to have that house just the same.

We Find What We Are Looking for

THE first picture shows our "find"—a fisherman's hut. It could be bought for "next to nothing," and clearly was worth no more. The owner, who lived far away, considered it a blot on the landscape and was glad to let it go.

It was badly situated, so we purchased a lot farther up the stream, and began to transform our discovery into our dream. The second picture shows the result.

You would hardly think the evolution possible, would you?

The only point of resemblance is the longer slope on one side of the roof. That provided the "motif," so to speak, for the plan of lengthening the slope still farther to shelter the Colonial doorway and provide abutment for the extension.

To balance this wing, its counterpart was added at the other end of the house, to provide for a roomy veranda, and over it a delightful writing-room, with dormer windows facing the sunrise.

Instead of a bare six rooms we now have eleven, plus three bath-rooms and a lower hall lavatory. Luxury indeed!

Anybody Can Do It

AND the cost? Not quite within the original estimate, of course, but near enough to be comfortable. We have the house that we set out to get—the house of our dreams. And any other two people can have their house also, if they have the dream and determination enough. Our experience has proved that.

They Are Teaching Their Fathers a Thing or Two

"RAG dolls" and "germinators" have replaced agricultural text-books in the Cook County (Illinois) schools.

Instead of learning corn-field philosophy out of a book, farmer boys are going to cultivate their own acres on their fathers' farms.

Not only that, but they are teaching their fathers a thing or two, and in the County of Cook five grains of corn may grow this year where only one grain of corn has been in the habit of growing.

This new movement originated with County Superintendent of Schools Edward J. Tobin, who summoned six of his teachers and outlined the plan.

Simply stated, it was to teach farming on farms instead of in schools. The six teachers went into strict training for the new course.

Permission was obtained from the district directors to take two hours of each school day for the course in practical farming.

About a fifth of the corn planted by Cook County farmers in the past has failed to "come up" because the seed corn was defective. The first effort of the schools was to choose seed corn that would "come up." For this purpose the pupils were introduced to the "rag doll," a simple little device made of cloth for testing seed corn to see whether it will germinate or not.

The germinator box works on the same principle, but has a greater capacity than the rag doll.

The next thing to do was to get the corn. The farmers were interested by now, and they brought whole wagon-loads to be tested. Barns were hired, brooding houses, and village halls—any place where there was room enough for the work. School-houses were out of the question for this.

Girls Enthusiastic, Too

PUPILS take readily to the new scheme; they welcome the daily trips, by wagon or on foot, from the school-houses to the farms, and the girls are just as enthusiastic as the boys.

The rural schools of the county have been divided into six sections, and at the head of each is an expert, having the title of school and rural life director. The salary is $2,000 a year, and the director is on duty all the year, the summer vacation being his busiest season.

Choosing seed corn that will come up.

The father of each pupil has been asked to allot an acre of good land to his son or daughter.

All the work of ordering, planting, and cultivating this land is done by the pupil, under the direction of the school and rural life director. It is an essential part of the program that the young farmer shall have the money from the sale of the product.

In this way, not only will a boy receive a start in scientific agriculture and an immediate opportunity to put his school lessons into practice, but, in more than one instance, a hard-headed and conservative farmer will be likely to receive a valuable lesson in up-to-date methods.

The idea back of the whole movement is to teach the students that useful achievement is the end and object of education.

At the end of the school year an open-air festival is to be held in each division, to which the children and their parents will be invited. There will be music, drills, spelling bees, a dinner in the woods, folk-dancing, and everything that makes country life attractive. The plan was tried out last year with great success.

It must be remembered that the directors are on the job all summer, ready to help the young farmers in the cultivation of their acreage club crops, and to do everything that can be done to make the community a pleasant and profitable place for people to live in.

Copyright, 1915, Every Week Corporation. John S. Hawley, President; J. F. Brendlan, Vice President; Bruce Barton, Secretary; H. M. Donaldson, Treasurer. 95 Madison Avenue, New York. All rights reserved. Subscription terms in the United States, $1.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter June 14, 1915, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Hitching an Automobile to a House-boat

This man was an ardent automobilist, but he was just as fond of his house-boat. One day he decided to combine the two, and since then he has found life absolutely satisfactory.

If you should hitch a coach automobile to the paddle-wheels of a house-boat, would the combination be a web-footed roadster or a pneumatic-tired river packet?

While opinions may differ on this question, there is only one sentiment regarding the scheme by those who have seen it tried out.

It is great!

The idea originated a year or two ago with a Chicago man who was both an ardent automobilist and a devotee of house-boating.

He Couldn't Ride in Both at Once, So He Combined Them

THE trouble was that when he went out in his car he had to leave his house-boat behind, and when traveling by water there was no way of taking the automobile along. That is, he thought there was no way until he happened to notice, one day, that the aft deck of the house-boat was a very spacious one.

The result was that, the next time he went on a trip by water, the automobile appeared smugly on the rear deck of the boat.

Thereafter, at every point where the boat was moored, the automobile was run ashore for a trip through the surrounding country; and after his little sight-seeing trip the owner would motor back to his comfortable boat to spend the night.

How to Make an Automobile Pay Its Way

BEING something of an inventor, the owner next conceived the idea of making the automobile earn its passage. His plan was to make the car run the house-boat.

This he accomplished by fitting sprayed sprocket-wheels to the hubs of the car's rear wheels, and keying similar but larger ones to the paddle-wheels of the boat, and connecting them by means of link-chain belts.

Then, when the automobile was jacked up so that its rear wheels were clear of the deck, and when the engine was started, the boat moved merrily along at a rate of six miles an hour, which is considerably faster than most house-boats go.

A Bungalow Afloat

TO provide it with a steering apparatus the craft was fitted out with two rudders; but in case of necessity the paddle-wheels can be adjusted to steer the boat.

This is accomplished by disconnecting the emergency brake from one driving wheel and the foot-brake from the other. In this way one of the paddles can be revolved while the opposite one remains stationary. Thus, if the port paddle is revolved while the starboard is held still, the bow of the house-boat is shoved around to starboard, and *vice versa*.

This very modern house-boat measures seventy-five feet over all, it has a width of seventeen feet, and it weighs thirty-six tons.

It is really a luxurious floating bungalow of six rooms, with all the conveniences of a modern steam-heated apartment; hot and cold water, gas, ice-box, bath-room, laundry, sun-parlor, and roof-garden.

RAYNTITE TOPS are proof against drizzles or cloud-bursts. Over a year's severest competitive test proves this—and all RAYNTITE TOPS (double and single texture) are

DU PONT FABRIKOID
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GUARANTEED *Not* to Leak for One Year

Crown your car with a RAYNTITE, backed by the Du Pont name, which for more than a century has stood for integrity of purpose, superiority of product and financial responsibility.

Put a RAYNTITE TOP on your 1910 car. If your old top leaks, any top-maker can make you a RAYNTITE.

FOR SAMPLES OF RAYNTITE (Single or Double Texture) WRITE TO

DU PONT FABRIKOID CO., Wilmington, Del.
Canadian Factory and Sales Office: Toronto.

The Biggest Skull

IN the Army Medical Museum at Washington is a gigantic skull, said to be the largest in existence. It isn't a real skull, however, but simply a papier-mâché representation of one, greatly exaggerated for the purpose of anatomical study, being four feet high. As the human skull is about one seventh the size of the body, a man big enough to have a cranium of this size would have to be twenty-eight feet tall.

Boys who intend to become army doctors spend a good deal of time with this great model, learning the names of the various bones. Using it precludes the use of a large magnifying-glass on a real skull.

A New Way to Train Nerves

CLIFF-CLIMBING has become tame sport for the students of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Sighting for a new method of testing the condition of the nerves, the physical instructor, W. Ward Beam, hit upon a decided novelty—crossing a river on a rope bridge.

The idea possessed one charm: the outfit was cheap and easily portable, for it consisted of two stout ropes and nothing more. One rope, according to the plan broached to the eager students and co-eds by the physical instructor, was to serve as a support for the foot, the other to balance the one who essayed to cross a river on this precarious foothold.

According to Mr. Beam, the object of the rope-walking is simply to harden the nerves of the students. We lack nerve, he says, chiefly because we never do anything to cultivate strength in that direction.

This novel form of gymnastics is now a part of the college curriculum, and the women students are as expert at it as the men.

AGENTS AUTO GIVEN

This is no selling contest where only one earns. All who write us will receive a Ford Auto. Write for our 20 page proposition. Investment required. Experience unnecessary. Particulars, photo, etc., sent free. Everybody needs it. Write for full particulars.
THOMAS MFG. CO., 9910 Home St., Dayton, O.

WANTED IDEAS
Write for List of Inventions Wanted. $1,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our 168-page book, Patents and How to Get Them, sent free. Patents secured or Fee Returned.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 8 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Trade-Marks and Copyrights
BOOKS and ADVICE FREE
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor
who reads and heeds it, is the possible result of a single idea. Our book tells how. Sent free.
E. G. & L. T. LACEY, Dept. 9 WASHINGTON, D. C.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS EARN $25 TO $100 WEEKLY
SALARY. Both sexes. Any locality. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Page-Davis System, Dept. 19, Chicago, New York, Atlanta, Toronto.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING
Your advertisement inserted in the classified sections of the
ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES
and EVERY WEEK
will prove a profitable investment.
Combination Rate, $3.00 Per Line
Smallest space sold, 4 lines—Largest 12 lines. Copy or advertisement copy accepted.
90 MADISON AVENUE, - - NEW YORK
105 NORTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

CORPORATIONS
INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA
Laws liberal. Taxation low. Capital limit unrestricted. Corporations may hold mines, lands, etc. Write for free booklet.
Arizona Incorporation Co., Box 1, Phoenix, Arizona

Coca-Cola

CHARACTER—Personality. When you meet a man you instinctively catalog him—decide for yourself just what kind of a man he is and whether or not you're going to like him.

If he's wishy-washy, or overbearing, or bitter, or loud, or effeminate, or dull, or uninteresting, you're through, right there.

It is character that decides you.

Beverages have character.

Some can't outlast a single meeting.

Others are wishy-washy, effeminate and uninteresting. You forget them—quickly.

Others are overbearing—too decided in flavor or effect. You avoid them.

COCA-COLA has the character, the personality of a fine, wholesome, *manly* man. It meets the palates of men and women on this common ground.

It is pleasing without being effeminate.

It is vigorous without overdoing it.

It bears repetition without losing the freshness of appeal that first charmed you.

You—be you man or woman—meet in this beverage those qualities that are admirably manly in a man.

Instantly you will decide that you like it for its character—its personality. Time will prove the soundness of your judgment.

For 29 years COCA-COLA has been put to the test. Daily for 29 years it has passed the lips of the American people—has borne the test of repetition without losing its zest.

For 29 years it has proved its wholesomeness—its vigorousness—its deliciousness—its character.

You can prove to yourself in one glassful what 29 years have built into its reputation.

Delicious

Whenever you see an Arrow, think of Coca-Cola.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga.